April 1978

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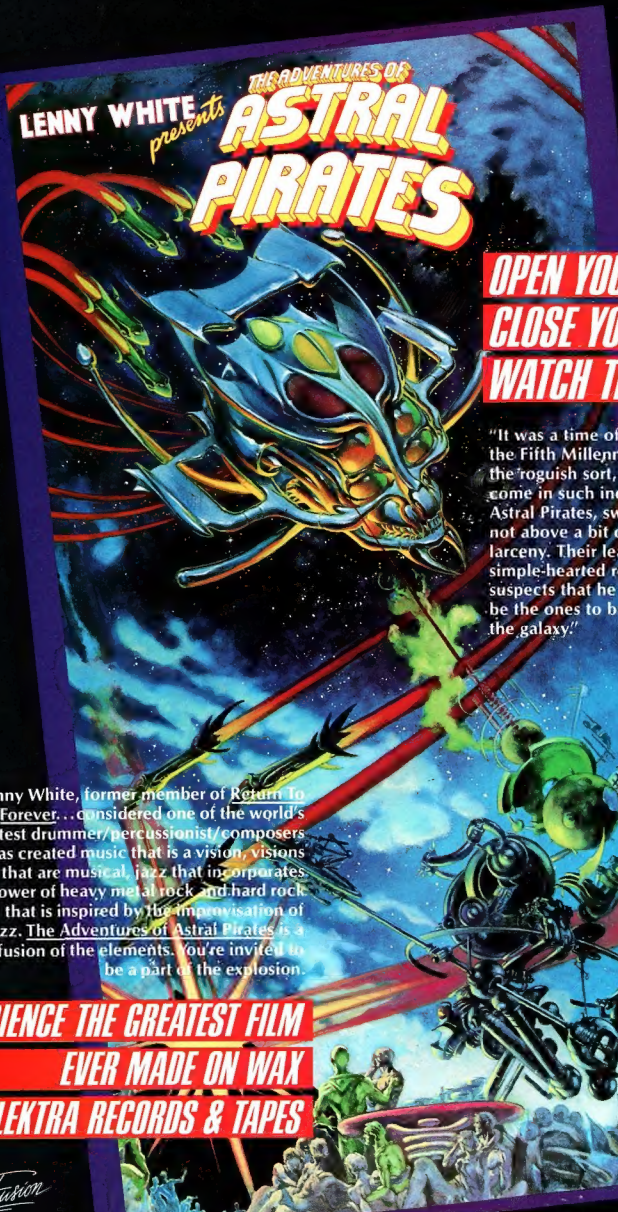
HEAVY METAL

IND 36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine™



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CHAIN MAIL

Dear *Heavy Metal*ites:

So sorry to hear your *bad news* in January issue. Being an American artist, I have the dream of appearing in your magazine. I believe it (the magazine) to be the ultimate in the fantasy art field. I've been waiting for such a magazine since 1965.

It *(Heavy Metal)* is the most fulfilling, superior, and mind-bending piece of work on the galactic magazine market today! It is better than dope, as far as I'm concerned. Dope makes me sleepy; *Heavy Metal* keeps me alert and aware, picks up my day. And I can't get busted for carrying it in a moving vehicle. I am a subscriber now and am constantly under the influence of *Heavy Metal.*

"Conquering Armies" is the ultimate hallucination. The covers are startling—Moebius is a genius of the first order! Everything in *Heavy Metal* is pure brain candy. Ah, but I do go on.

My main point is that I am an American artist, currently working for Fantastic Comics, a local outfit here in Pasadena. I realize that you people are probably up to your metal ears in great, good, semi-good, poor, and rotten work. So I will be kind and wait to send stuff until you say the word. However, where in Frankfurt should us Amerikanski artists send our shtuff? I for one am not averse to being a European star!

David Thomas Pudelwitts
(Artist-at-Large)
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear David: If you find out, let us know.—Eds.

Heavy Metal has gotten out of (yr) hand. I refer to the Zha-Nicollet pcs. No bullshit here, you real eyes. More to come?

Desdinova
Wichita, Kansas

Dear *HM:*

As a since-long Psilocybe and Stropharia cultivator, and a reader of *Metal Hurlant* from its very first issue, the contention that *Heavy Metal* would do better, or almost, than being stoned seems to be not to the point yet to me. *Heavy Metal* readers should instead be challenged in this way: try to read any other thing when you're on a "true mind-blowing acid." You know, that's the current name for pure mushroom tryptamine extracts, so

continued on page 45

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Back cover by **Rick Bryant**

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Networks, neighbors, & magazines always congratulate themselves on their anniversaries, as if you cared. This is *Heavy Metal*'s first. Wild applause, footstamping, whistles, bells, etc.

12 issues on, we hope we have found a placewhere the hearts, minds of all of you would be if. Considering that our first mission, as we assigned ourselves, was to publish over here the best French s/f & fantasy, we have done alright by the Yanks. Covers by superstars Wrightson, Barber, Chaykin, & Nino...comics by Corben, Morrow, Davis, Rubington, & the ex Bodé ...fiction by the likes of Zelazny, Ellison, Spielberg, Lupoff, Sturgeon....

We've introduced you to Druillet, Gal, Claveloux, Tardi, & Nicollet, et al, but everybody's fave appears to be the mysterious Moebius. Moebius, author-artist of the inscrutable "Airtight Garage" series. Creator of Harzak. Who once signed things GIR & drew Lieutenant Blueberry forever. Whose storyboards for the *Dune* film are treasured, forged, rumored....

Our anniversary present to you, dear readers, this pic: Moebius does, indeed, exist. As for the rest of us...

Photo by Daudier, Paris

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscripton in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. *Chicago:* William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. *West Coast:* Lowell Fox and Associates, 16033 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

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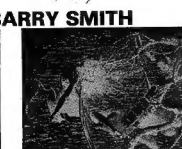

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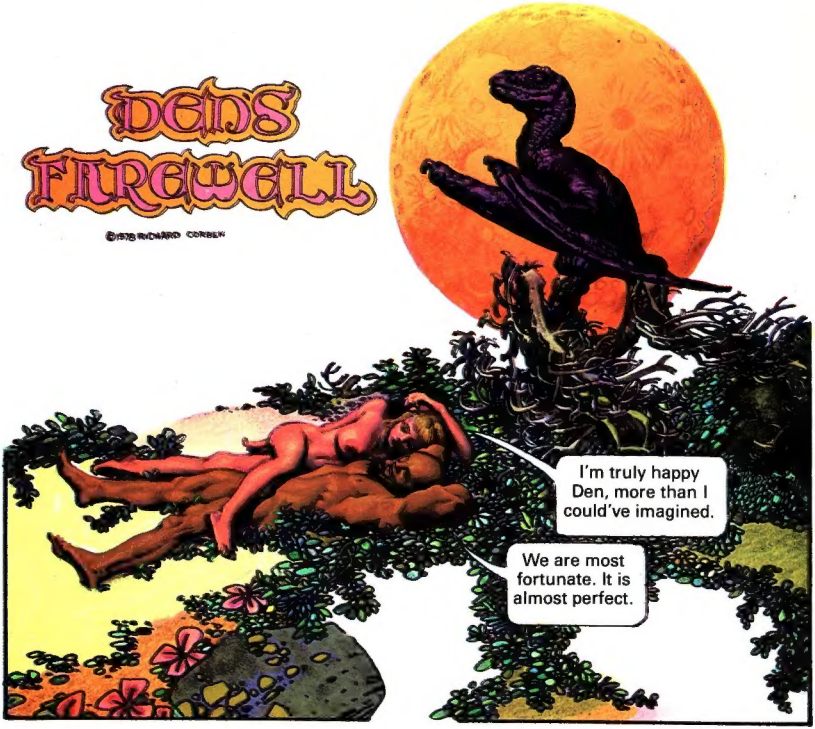
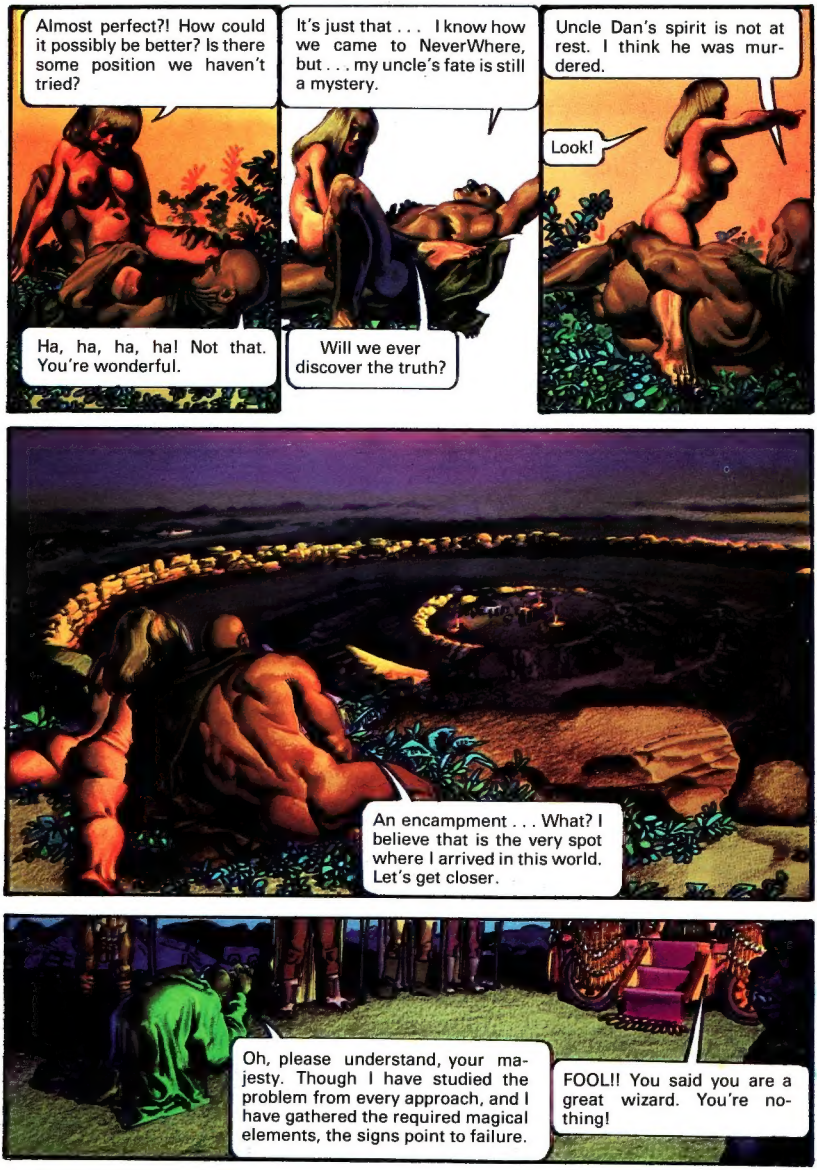
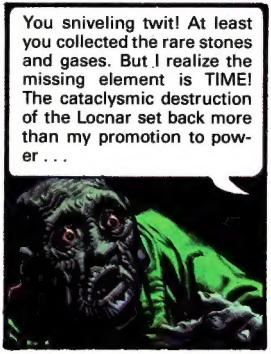

DEN'S FAREWELL
©1978 RICHARD CORBEN
I'm truly happy Den, more than I could've imagined.
We are most fortunate. It is almost perfect.


Almost perfect?! How could it possibly be better? Is there some position we haven't tried?
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Not that. You're wonderful.
It's just that . . . I know how we came to NeverWhere, but . . . my uncle's fate is still a mystery.
Will we ever discover the truth?
Uncle Dan's spirit is not at rest. I think he was murdered.
Look!
An encampment . . . What? I believe that is the very spot where I arrived in this world. Let's get closer.
Oh, please understand, your majesty. Though I have studied the problem from every approach, and I have gathered the required magical elements, the signs point to failure.
FOOL!! You said you are a great wizard. You're nothing!

Did you think I was too simple to separate the half-truths from your transparent fabrications? I am more versed in the dark arts than you.


You sniveling twit! At least you collected the rare stones and gases. But I realize the missing element is TIME! The cataclysmic destruction of the Locnar set back more than my promotion to power . . .

. . . It reset the geologic-cosmic relationship. Thanks to interfering upstarts, I must wait four seasonal cycles for the forces to come into precise alignment. Then I will create Locnar's brother.

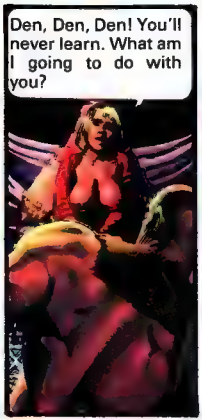
ZEK, you FOOL!!! I know you were going to sabotage my plans!
Feed him to the Gulper.

NOOOO! No, please!

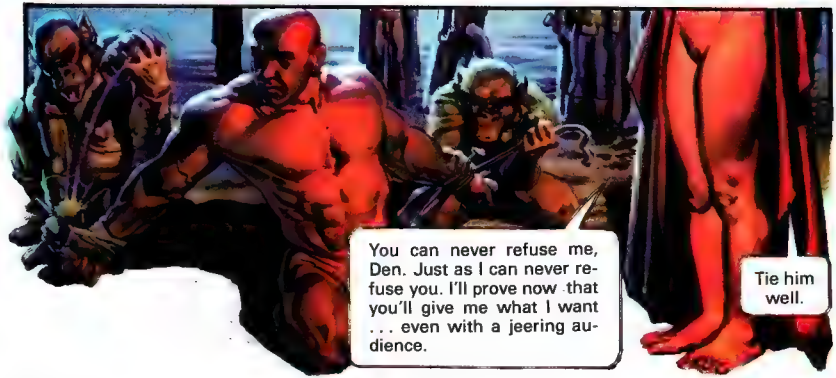
YAAAAAA!
AAAIEEE!
CRUNCH!
Hey, come back here! Gulper's hungry!
Here fellow, go with Kath!
THUD!
BUDK!
Quick! Surround him!
SMAK!

WHAP!
Now we've got him. PULL!
K-KRIK

No! They've captured Den.


Den, Den, Den! You'll never learn. What am I going to do with you?

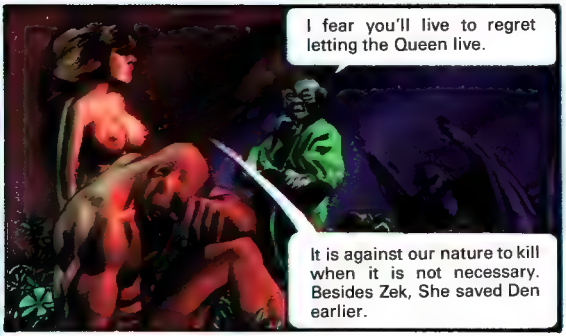
You'll get nothing from me this time.
Oh really?


You can never refuse me, Den. Just as I can never refuse you. I'll prove now that you'll give me what I want . . . even with a jeering audience.
Tie him well.

Resist me, if you can.
Still cool? Let's see if this little booger remembers me.
Kath, Kath, Kath . . .
KATH!

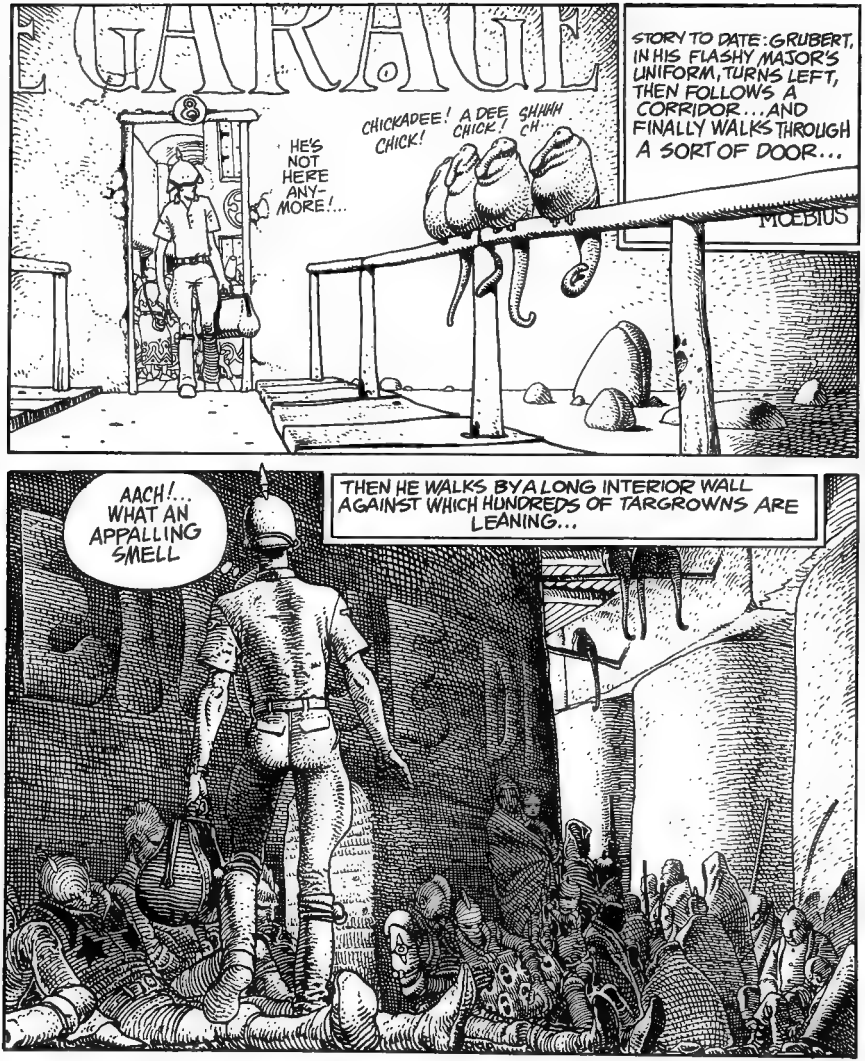
SKREEEK!
Oh,
(COUGH, COUGH!)
Den, I'm
falling!

Ha, Ha, Ha,
Ha, Ha, Ha!
I PROVED IT!


I fear you'll live to regret letting the Queen live.
It is against our nature to kill when it is not necessary. Besides Zek, She saved Den earlier.

Nevertheless I suggest you leave this land far behind.
Because in four years, NeverWhere will be her's completely. Then She'll come after you again.

We've got four years . . . then perhaps another adventure.


GARAGE
HE'S NOT HERE ANY-MORE!..
CHICKADEE! CHICK!
A DEE CHICK!
SHHHH CH..
STORY TO DATE: GRUBERT, IN HIS FLASHY MAJOR'S UNIFORM, TURNS LEFT, THEN FOLLOWS A CORRIDOR... AND FINALLY WALKS THROUGH A SORT OF DOOR...
MOEBIUS
AACH!... WHAT AN APPALLING SMELL
THEN HE WALKS BY A LONG INTERIOR WALL AGAINST WHICH HUNDREDS OF TARGROWNS ARE LEANING...

WILL I GET LOST IN THIS MAZE ?...
MEANWHILE, BARNABUS THE ENGINEER HAS LOST HIS WAY IN THE SINGING CAVES...
BARNEY, COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT PILLAR!
PUT DOWN THAT BOWL AND FOLLOW ME.
THE ARCHER THEN FOLLOWS A PASSAGE WHICH SEEMS TO PIERCE THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN...
PLOOK PLOOK
BUNGALOO BUNGALOO!
CHTING LOPP-CHTING
THAT CREATURE ON THE STRETCHER IS PRETTY WEIRD...BUT... I...
...CAN'T HELP THINKING I'VE MET HIM BEFORE...
MY DEAR BARNEY, YOUR BEHAVIOR THROUGHOUT THIS EPISODE HAS RATHER INTRIGUED ME...
AND WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS COMPANION, MASKED AND ARMED WITH A MARVELOUS BOW, WHO SEEMS TO HAVE APPEARED FROM NOWHERE? TO BE CONTINUED?
MOEBIUS 77

6 FROM

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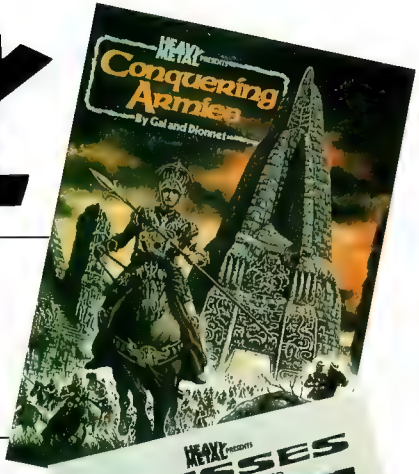
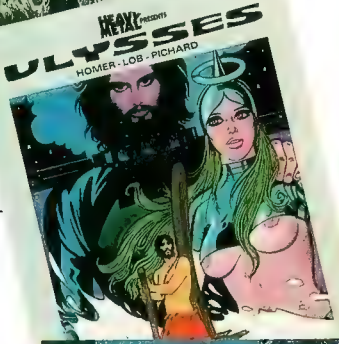
CANDICE AT SEA: A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise, Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9″ by 11″. $3.95. HM4012

HEAVY METAL

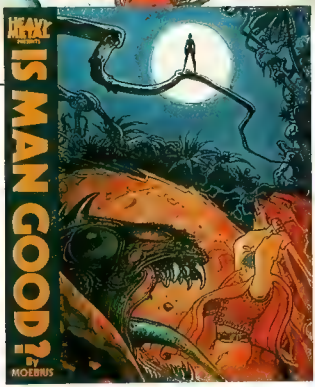


CONQUERING ARMIES: From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¾″ x 13¼″. $4.95. HM4013



ULYSSES, PART I: Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color. 4″ x 11″. $6.95. HM4014

IS MAN GOOD?: From *Heavy Metal's* first year, the collected full-color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal's* most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 4″ x 11″. $5.95. HM4015



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URM THE MAD

CRAACK

BEHOLD HOW WE ARE GOING TO DIE, URM...THOSE BEYOND ARE MERELY PLAYING WITH YOU!
SHUT UP! URM IS STRONG, AND THOSE WHO SLEEP IN THEIR TOMBS WILL NEVER MAKE HIM TREMBLE...AND I HAVE SPENT MORE THAN ONE NIGHT IN THEIR COLD ARMS!
YOU DREAMED OF GLORY AND STRENGTH... AND NOW THE RATS WILL GNAW YOUR BONES
BE SILENT, BROTHER, AND ALLOW URM AND HIS ARMS OF IRON TO PROCEED

GROVEL, YOU PHANTOMS AND TERRORS OF THE NIGHT!
URK!
URK!

URM IMAGINES HE WILL ESCAPE THE GRASP OF MY LITTLE SERVANTS AND THE VORACIOUS MOUTHS OF MY GUESTS. URM, OUR FUTURE PRINCE, WHOSE HEART IS SO FRAGILE!
HMMM
AAAAAAA
URM HATES YOU! URM WILL KILL YOU ALL!
URM! LISTEN TO ME! COME!

GO TO YOUR DRAGONS, URM! GO! LISTEN TO THE SONGS OF THOSE WHO BATHE ETERNALLY IN THE SHALLOWS OF THE UNDERWORLD. YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGAGE, FOR THEIR BLOOD IS YOUR BLOOD...
WITH THEM YOU WILL CONQUER THE LIVING CITY... WITHOUT THEM, IT WILL EAT YOU, URM...
HOW DARE YOU RETURN BEFORE ME? TRULY, THE DEAD HERE COME AND GO AS THEY PLEASE. BE GONE! I ORDER YOU TO RETURN TO WHENCE YOU CAME! OBEY, FOR I ALONE COMMAND HERE!

DON'T FORGET THE DRAGONS, URM!
WHO IS IT?
YOUR MOTHER, PERHAPS...
HA! HA! HA!
NOW, KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
BUT URM RAN AS FAST AS THE CHILD-ROOK WHO SLEPT IN THE MOUNTAINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE KNOWN WORLD!
YOU GROTESQUE PUPPETS RETURN TO THE DUST FROM WHICH I DRAGGED YOU! YOU CAN FLEE, URM. I HAVE OTHER MYSTERIES IN STORE FOR YOU!

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1996

ONO! NO, MIZDER, THADZ NODDA CARGAZ!
AN IDZ NODDA MISTAYG NEETHER... JEEZ, IGAN TELYU DIDN REED AR GADALOG TO GLOWZ...
UMM NO! I DIDN!
WEL, WUD LUGS LYG ANORNARY GORBZ DU YOO IZ AGJULEE THEMBOMD BODYUTHU GARZ PREEVYUZ OWNER...

AR GUMBANY NICHYADED THIZ BOLLIZEE AZA BUBLIG ZERVIZ FORIDZ GUZDUMERZ...
HOO NO ZAKLEE WUDA ZBECT FRUMUZ...THIZWAYA GARZAR KYNNA BERZUNALYZED...
AR ZIZDEMZO ZUGZEZVUL, WEGAN BOM EVRYWON FER FREE...
AN YOONO HOWMUDGID GOSDA GED BERREED EEZDAZE !
DONCHA ?

NEGZDA KINUTHU VIGDIMZ THINGIDZ DRIFFIK,' THEYAWL GUMEER ON ZUNDAZE ANZEE THUDEER DEBARDED...
831 NY 331
?
AHESS
WHA?!
TOBAD WEGAN ONLEE DOOIDON ZBEZJUL GAYZJUNS
!
AN ZUMDUMEZ EEN AZG DUBEE LAYDOWD BEZIDEM WENAY DYE...

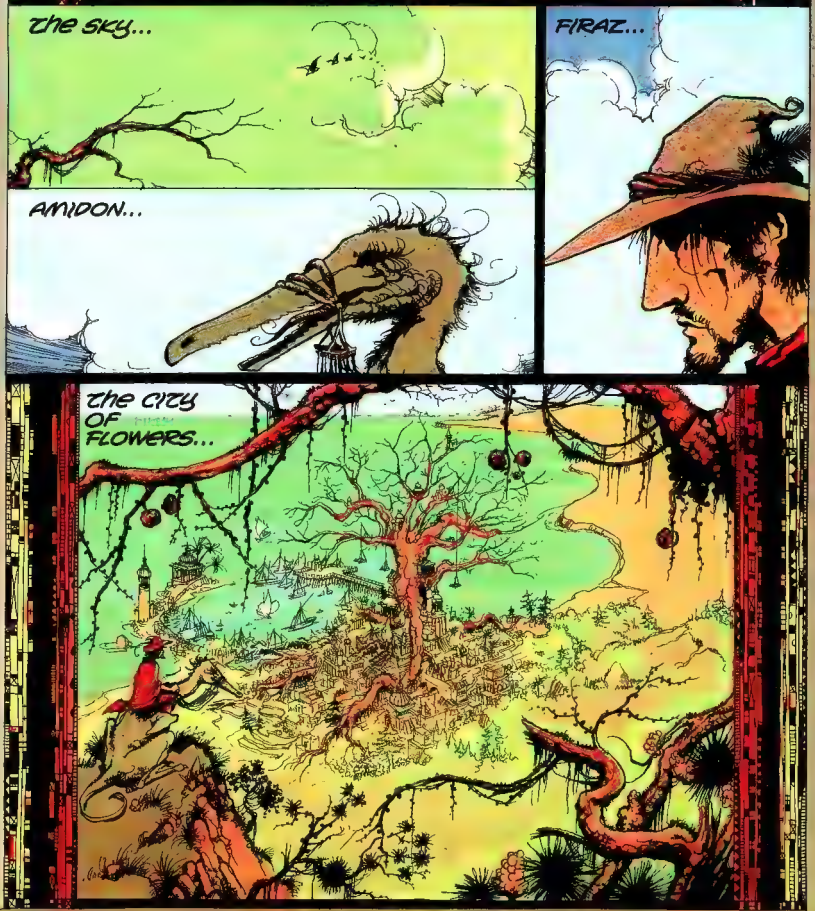
...GUZUTHU DIMEVAGDOREN VOLVED. BUD !VWEEGAN EMBRUVA BREZENDAJUN, WEEDOOID...
LYG, DAYG VRINZDANZ LAZD HOLIDAZE. AVDERA RILLY BIG AGZIDEND, WEEWERAY-BULDA REBILDA HOLE FAMBLEE, BIDBYBID...I WIJWEEKUD DOOID MORAWVUN.' ID RILLY LUGD DRIFFIG.'
JUZD MADJIN...A HOLE FAMBLEE... BIDBYBID...
KORZ, WEEDIDN GEEBID AROWN LONG! MYOOZEELIMA MODRENARD BOD THUHOLE GROOB...

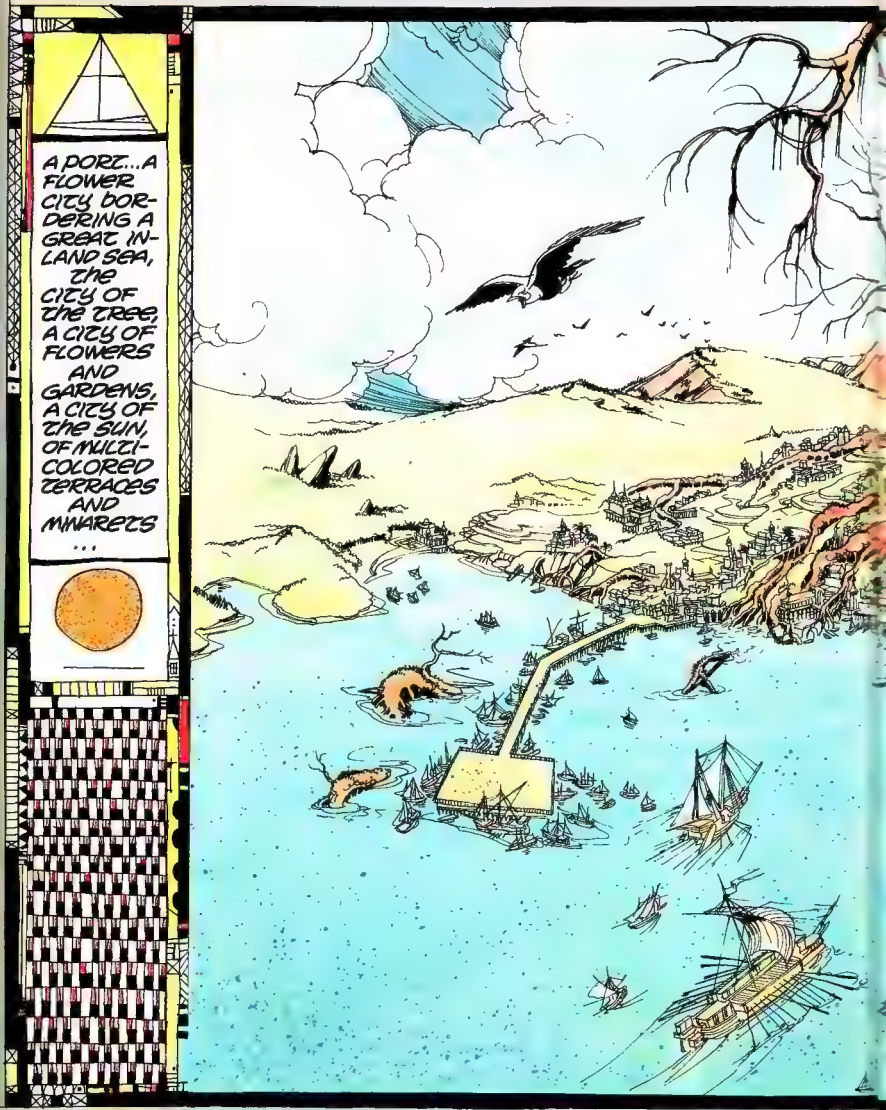
AGJULEE, MOZDA DIME...
WEELEEVIDAD WUN OGYUBAND BERGAR... IDZEENLUVDA BERZUNALYZA REG... ANIDZ ALOD JEEBER!
MMM... WEL...YEZ! SHUR! I GEZ AYL BYOZE FOGLYDZ...
AWRIDE...
AYL JUZ BRIND OWDA ZAYLZ ZLIBERE... WUDZYER NAYM, BLEEZ?
UMM...UHH... ALVRAYDO GARZYA
ALVRAYDO GARZYA BUD... BUD JEEZ... YER-NOD-DA...
IMA BORDA REEGAN! WUDUVID

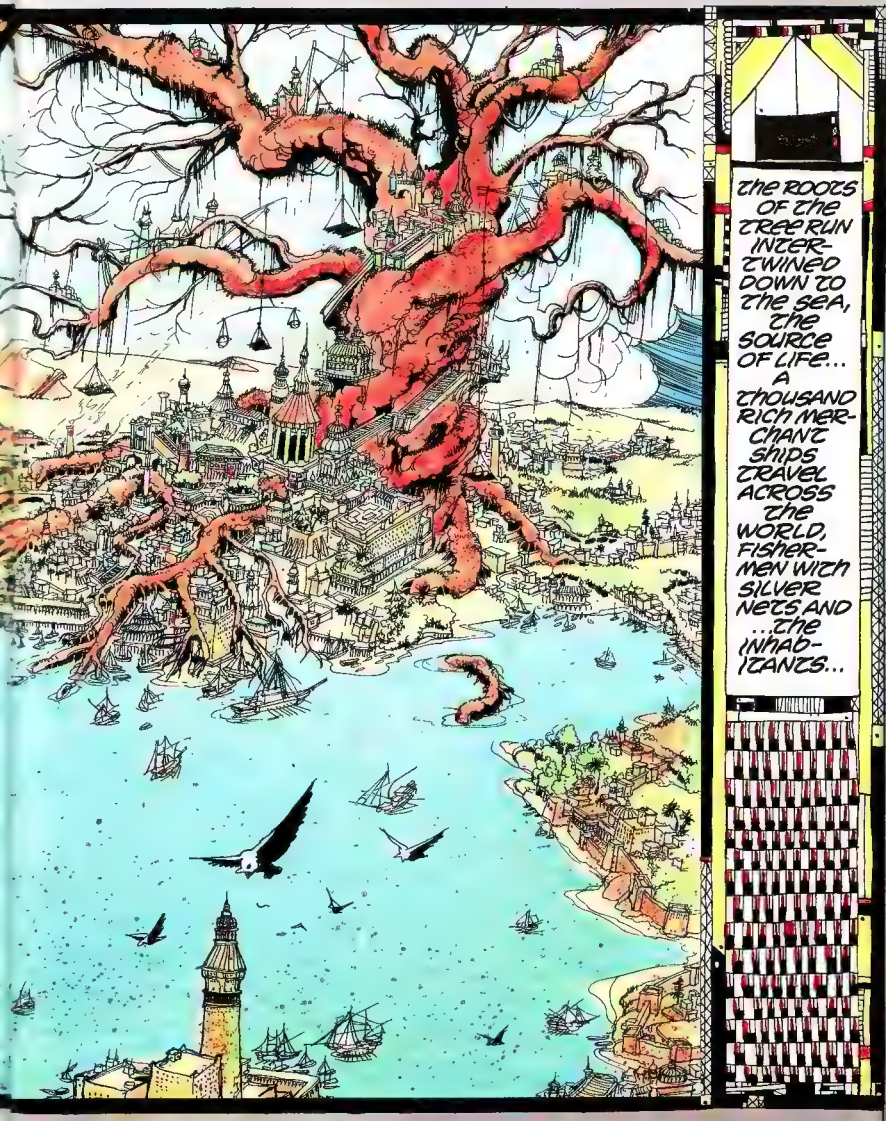
TO BE CONTINUED...

STORY/ART

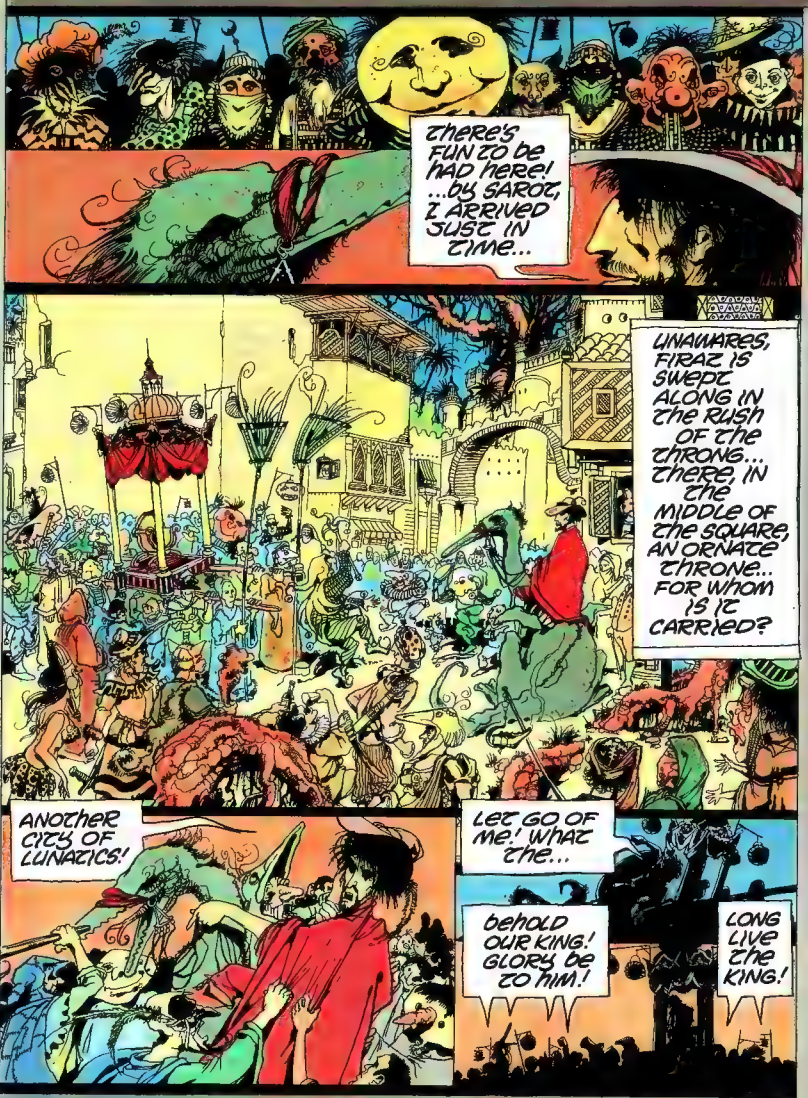
CITY OF FLOWERS

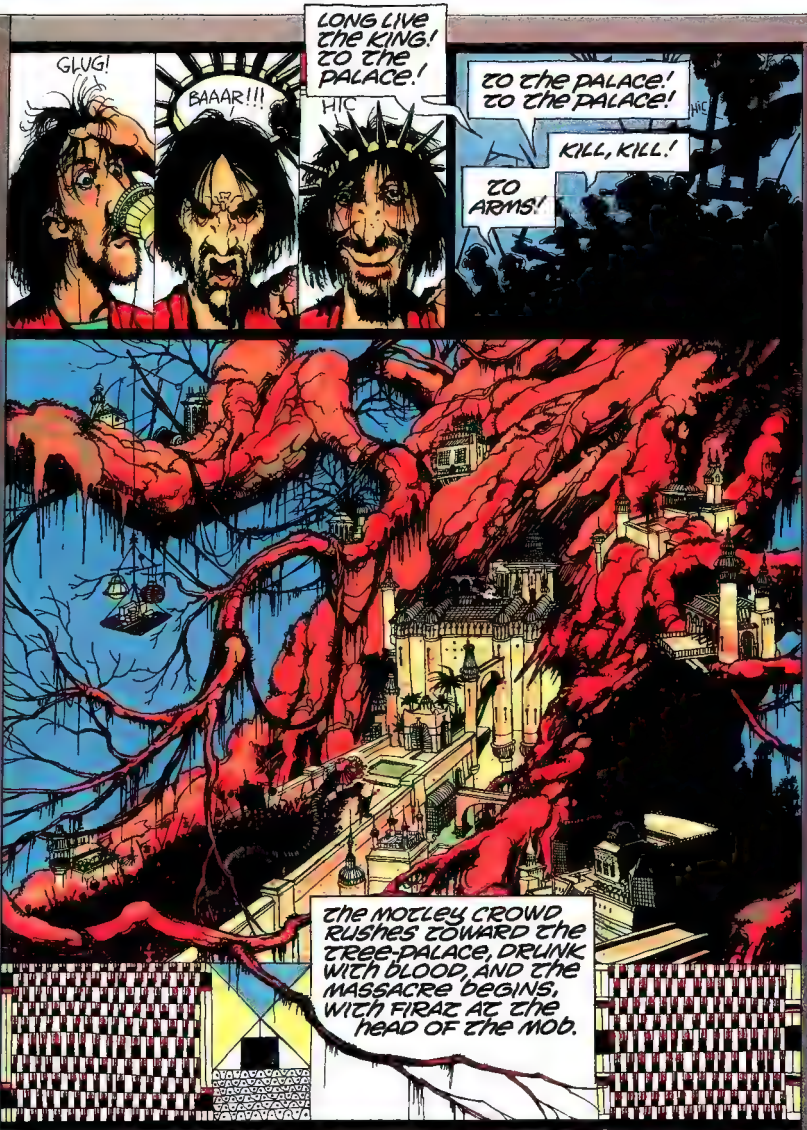



A PORT...A FLOWER CITY BORDERING A GREAT INLAND SEA, THE CITY OF THE TREE, A CITY OF FLOWERS AND GARDENS, A CITY OF THE SUN, OF MULTI-COLORED TERRACES AND MINARETS ...


THE ROOTS OF THE TREE RUN INTERTWINED DOWN TO THE SEA, THE SOURCE OF LIFE... A THOUSAND RICH MERCHANT SHIPS TRAVEL ACROSS THE WORLD, FISHERMEN WITH SILVER NETS AND ...THE INHABITANTS...

CARNIVAL IS IN FULL SWING, FIRAZ, AND YOU WILL JOIN THE FESTIVITIES... AND KNOW THEIR PURPOSE...

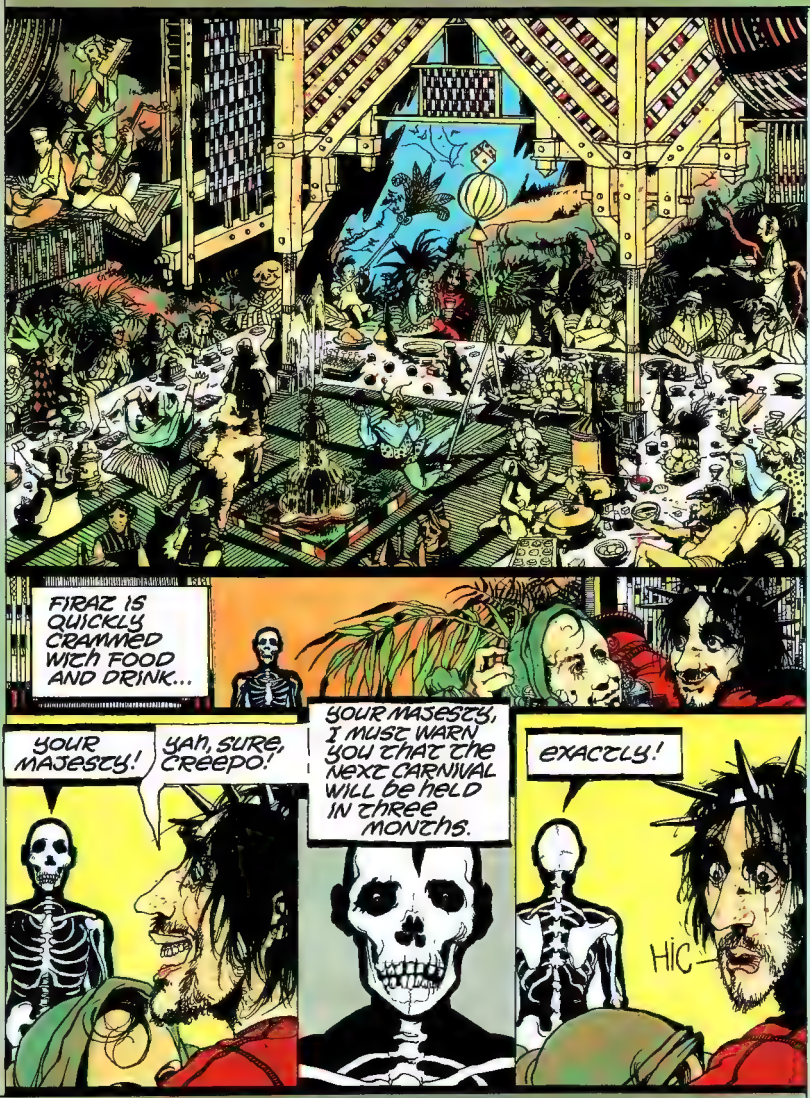

there's FUN to be had here! ...by SAROT, I ARRIVED just in time...
UNAWARES, FIRAZ is swept along in the rush of the throng... there, in the middle of the square, an ornate throne... for whom is it carried?
ANOTHER city of LUNATICS!
LET GO of me! What the...
behold our KING! GLORY be to him!
LONG LIVE the KING!


GLUG!
BAAAR!!!
LONG LIVE THE KING! TO THE PALACE!
HIC
TO THE PALACE! TO THE PALACE!
KILL, KILL!
TO ARMS!
THE MOTLEY CROWD RUSHES TOWARD THE TREE-PALACE, DRUNK WITH BLOOD, AND THE MASSACRE BEGINS, WITH FIRAZ AT THE HEAD OF THE MOB.

THE PERSONAL GUARD OF THE KING IS RIPPED TO PIECES IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE... FASTER EVEN THAN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE...
TO DEATH! TO DEATH!
TO DEATH! TO DEATH!

MISERABLE SCUM! I'LL WIPE OUT THE LOT OF YOU...
DEATH! DEATH!
AGAIN! AGAIN!
HIS HIGHNESS LIFTED THE REGAL SKIRTS AND RAN AWAY IN A MOST UNDIGNIFIED MANNER.
DAMN YOU ALL AND DAMN YOUR GODS! ...KAFF! KAFF!
KILL! KILL!
KAFF KAFF
GANG OF RATS! FILTHY SWINE...

ARRRGH!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, YOUR HIGHNESS!
PLAF
THE KING IS DEAD!
LONG LIVE THE KING!
LONG LIVE THE KING!


FIRAZ IS QUICKLY CRAMMED WITH FOOD AND DRINK...
YOUR MAJESTY!
YAH, SURE, CREEPO!
YOUR MAJESTY, I MUST WARN YOU THAT THE NEXT CARNIVAL WILL BE HELD IN THREE MONTHS.
EXACTLY!
HIC—

FIN

continued from page 1

here I am giving my own word of advice. *Heavy Metal* surely won't work as a pot substitute. Its fine dialectics of rumor, humor, horror, anger, danger, guilt and innocence, and no-sense nonsense and vice versa, far from being representative of the all-too-real mental effects one gets from even the strongest smokes, is to be understood as the attitude of mind of a much experienced psychedelic tripper. Indeed, that is the distinctive feature, the very personality of *Heavy Metal*, when one comes to compare it with the wide majority of present-day science and magic fiction production. *Heavy Metal* should not so plainly emphasize its "adulthood": *Metal Hurlant* people make all that psychic art for the entertainment of the Ancient Head who dwells within every really intelligent kid. Jimi Hendrix and Brian Jones—what kind of "adults" do you think they were? Yet, were they still alive they would be your prototype readers, I'm sure.

Please tell Sergio Macedo and Alain that Alvaro, Ely, Luis, Bebel, Marika, Brois, Zejo, Zekiel, Lana, Maru, Ary, Enio, me and all the good people back in Brazil wish them the utmost success, and that we will never miss them.

Zé Visone
S. Paulo SP
Brazil

Editors:

Reality News progress report: your *HM* binder is bullshit. My issues are suffering damage from the ill-conceived size of that ridiculous come-on. Also: your editorials are embarassing at best and detrimental at blah blah. Your pseudo-hip jargo-istic attempts at semi-direct communication are a disgrace to the otherwise exceptional quality of your contents....

William Fuller III
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Bill the Third: Many thanks for the style lesson. Must remember to use more words like pseudo and blah blah. You're right about the binders though...—Eds.

Dear Messrs. Metal:

...My principal complaint is that your magazine is simply too European. The European experience is quite different...and it is therefore difficult for the American reader to really "get into" a European work....

Rex T. Shelby
Largo, Md.

So true. Will you sign our petition to get all European, Rembrandt, Picasso, et al out of our *museums? How can we respect a people whose mothers let our fathers fuck 'em for Hershey bars after the war, anyway?—Eds.*

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. ($5 00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak ($3 00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($3 00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($3 00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes, 10 pages of color Moebius; the Art-tight Garage, Den, and Polonius *redux*, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, expugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3 00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. ($3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course, you *knew* about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp ($2 00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual, like Den ($2 00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den ($2 00)

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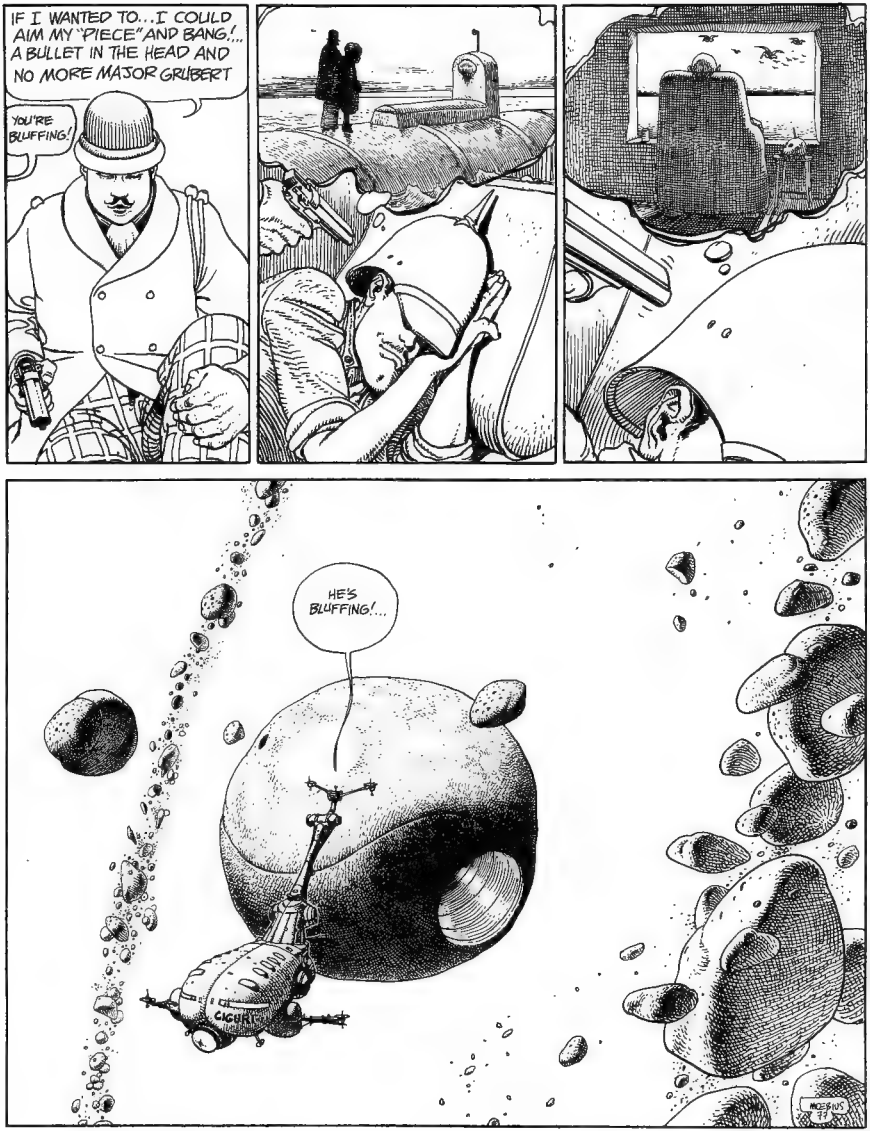
OF JERRY CORNELIUS. STORY TO DATE: EVERYONE'S ASKING HIMSELF HOW MAJOR GRUBERT HAS COME TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE FILTHY UNDERWORLD OF THE CAPITAL... AND NOW, HE HAS LOST HIS WAY... HE WILL NEVER LEAVE, BABBLING AS HE IS IN AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE MANNER... WELL, WE'LL CERTAINLY SEE...
AH, WHAT ETERNITIES I TRAVERSE SO POINTLESSLY...
...I CAN'T GO ON... I MUST GET SOME SLEEP!
HE'S ASLEEP!
THERE HE IS! COME ON!
ZZZ
SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS MAJOR GRUBERT!...
INCREDIBLE! I ALWAYS THOUGHT OF HIM AS A SORT OF GOD!...
AND HERE HE IS SO VULNERABLE, ASLEEP!...


IF I WANTED TO...I COULD AIM MY "PIECE" AND BANG!... A BULLET IN THE HEAD AND NO MORE MAJOR GRUBERT
YOU'RE BLUFFING!
HE'S BLUFFING!...
MOEBIUS 77

TO BE CONTINUED...

Kierkimos TOXIS

Computer Center with Natural Security

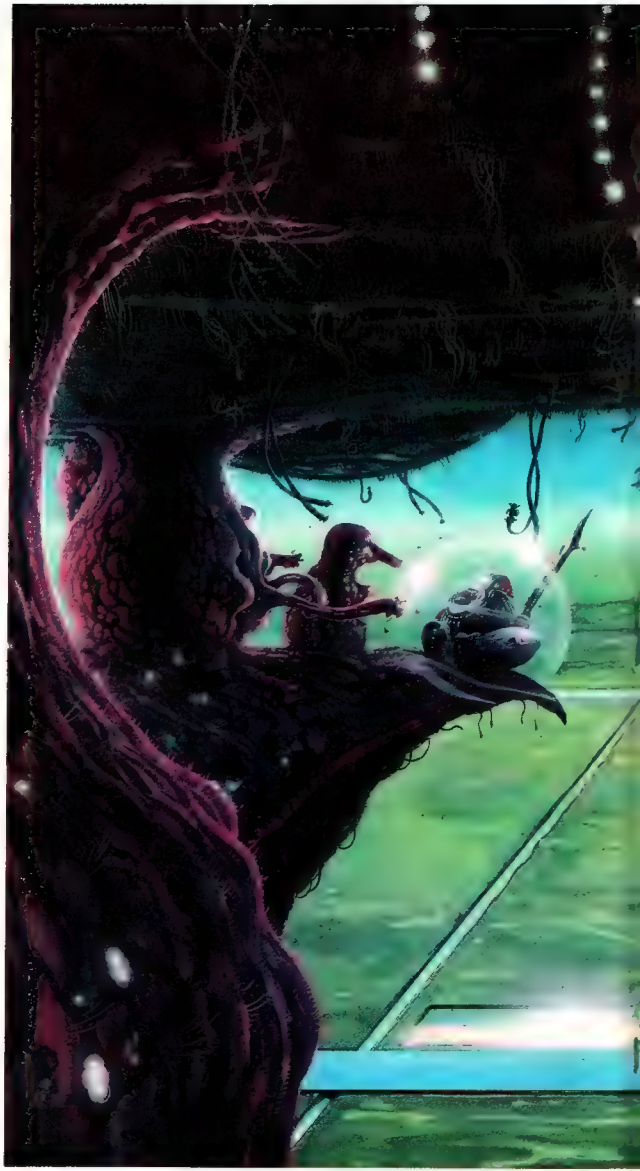
Kierkimos Toxis, a complex biological weapon masquerading as a planet, is the home of the Federation's Computer of Sciences; this site has been chosen for its central location and because the planet's adverse biology provides a natural barrier against surveillance and attack.

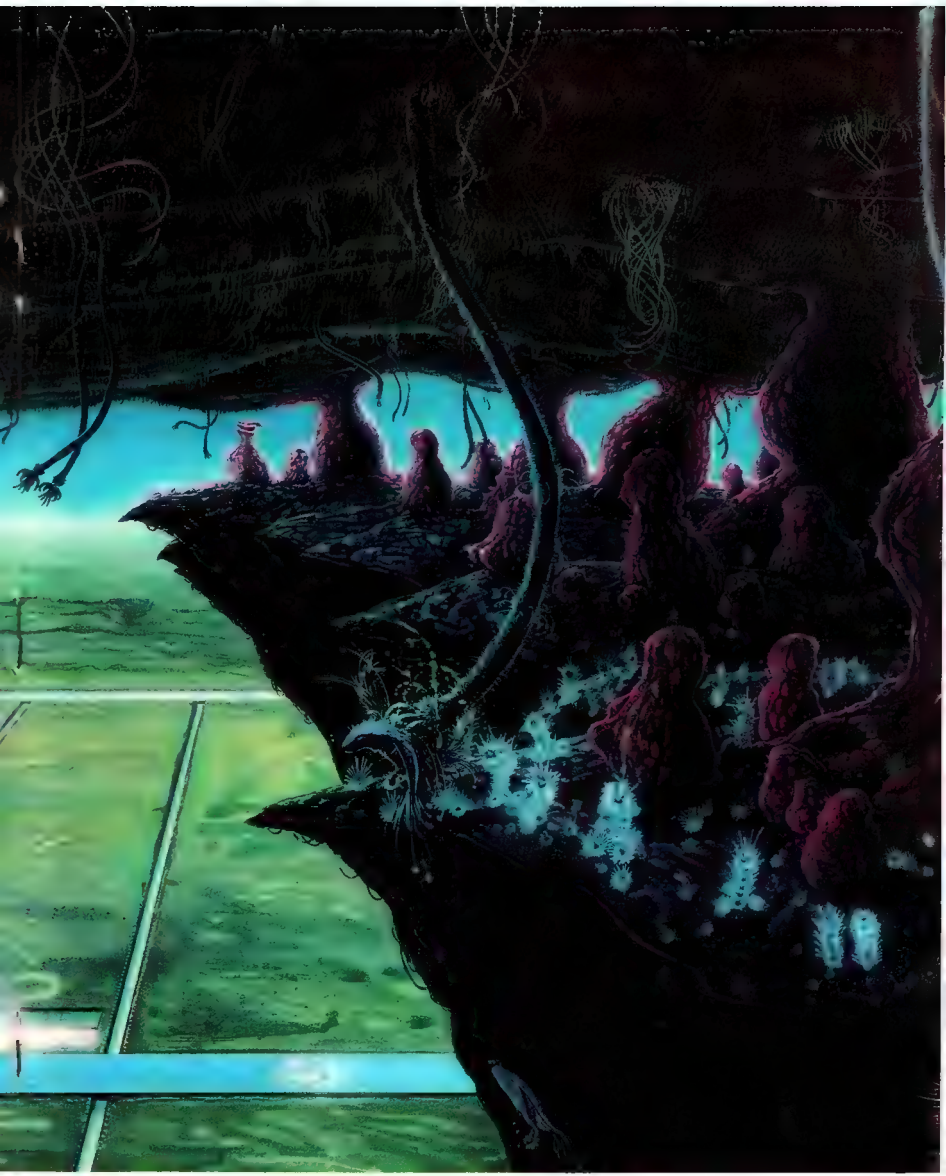
Installed clandestinely during construction of the Levilon roadways used by tour vehicles to traverse the seventy-meter deep firemoss, the base is totally self-controlled. Data arrives and departs in Complanes cleverly disguised as tour craft and is transferred instantly as the Complane passes before the computer's eye, whose opening is masked by a laser flash resembling the flash of tour cameras.

In the cliff face nearly two kilometers above, a sentinel, protected by a force bubble, monitors the operation. The labyrinthine caves were created when massive fungus trunks forced rock strata apart. The ancient fungus is of particular interest to the bioscience community because of its peculiar ability to sprout pseudopods at the approach of warm objects. Corrosive enzymal properties allow the pods to bore into almost any material.

Other creatures of the caves are the *Toxis solanis*, a flying plant about the size of a Terran eagle, a deadly wormlike *Pallifus* seen here snatching a *Solanis* in flight; and the triple-celled *Candle polyp* whose malign ability to penetrate protective suits and fatally burn their occupants caused the abandonment of plans to mine the mineral-rich planet.

From the Stellar Journals of
KARL B. KOFOED





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Heavy Metal has already gone far beyond any magazine of fantasy or science fiction in the quality of its artwork, the daring of its stories, the number of copies sold.

We have quoted a fan who wrote to us: "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost."

You can subscribe today.

All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada. For each year, add $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

Heavy Metal—635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 **HM-478**

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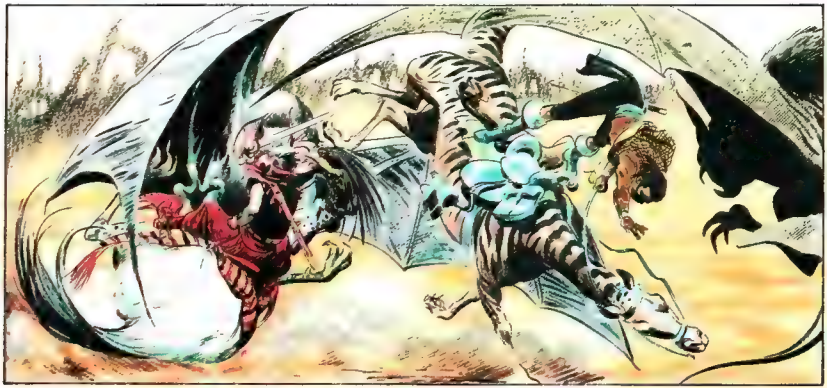
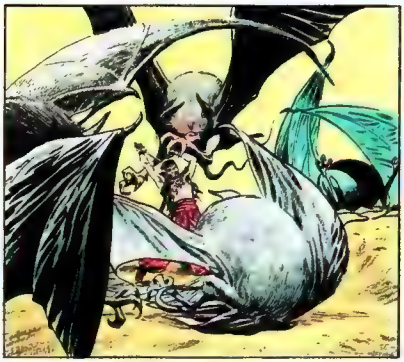
ORION AND MAMBA THE MERCENARY FLEE FROM THE WIZARD LAMONTHOS ACROSS THE SANDS OF BALIMODRA. THEIR PROGRESS IS CAREFULLY SCRUTINIZED BY....





TORN AND BLEEDING ORION WIELDS HIS MIGHTY BLADE LIKE A SCYTHE WREAKING HAVOC AMONG THE SKIRLING SHROUD-LIKE KITES WHILE MAMBA, UNMOLESTED, WATCHES.... AND WAITS!

IN A BLOODCURDLING CACAPHONY OF SHRIEKING CALLS THE REMAINING KITES CAREEN INTO THE AIR, UNWILLING TO FORFEIT ANY MORE OF THEIR NUMBERS TO ORION'S TERRIBLE SWORD.

ORION TAKES STOCK OF THEIR SITUATION AND FINDS IT TO BE A GRIM ONE, INDEED. WITH HIS STEED DEAD AND MAMBA'S RUN OFF, THEY ARE AFOOT MINUS HALF THEIR SUPPLIES IN A FIERCE AND HOSTILE LAND.

NOT A MARK ON YOU! TWICE NOW YOU'VE BEEN UNWILLING OR UNABLE TO AID ME IN A FIGHT FOR MY LIFE MY GLIB "FRIEND." HAVE YOU NO BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS?
MY LOPIR THREW ME! I WAS STUNNED!
AH, MY POOR COMRADE, YOU BLAME ME FOR OUR MISFORTUNE WHEN IT IS LAMONTHOS AND HIS DETERMINATION TO POSSESS YOUR ACCURSED SWORD THAT IS THE REAL TROUBLE.
I SAY LEAVE IT FOR THE WIZARD TO FIND AND BE RID OF ITS EVIL INFLUENCE ONCE AND FOR ALL! THEN WE.....
NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE HIS LACKEY— HIS..... RETRIEVER!
THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, ISN'T IT? FOR HIM!
TAKE IT THEN! IF YOU CAN!!

A GLAZE FILMS THE MERCENARY'S EYES WHICH REMAIN FIXED ON THE MAGIC BLADE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS. THEN, RASPING HIS OWN HALF-DRAWN WEAPON BACK INTO IT'S SHEATH, HE PULLS **THORBOLT** FROM THE TURF. SUDDENLY HIS FROZEN VISAGE IS SPLIT WIDE BY A WOLFISH GRIN AND HE LUNGES TOWARD ORION'S MOTIONLESS FIGURE TO *HEW HIM DOWN THE MIDDLE!*

WHAT NEXT OCCURS WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE THAT WHILE THE TWO COMBATANTS CERTAINLY ARE.....

...AGGRESSIVE...

...DIRECT...

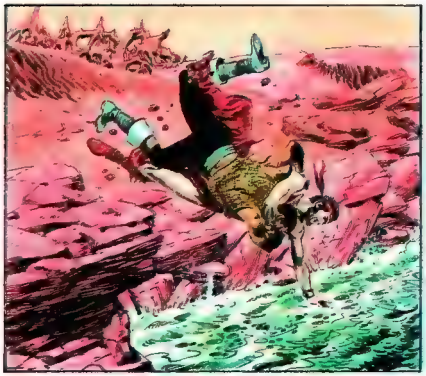
...SPIRITED...
EEEEYYAAAAAH!

...AND RESOURCEFUL....

...THEY ARE NOT...

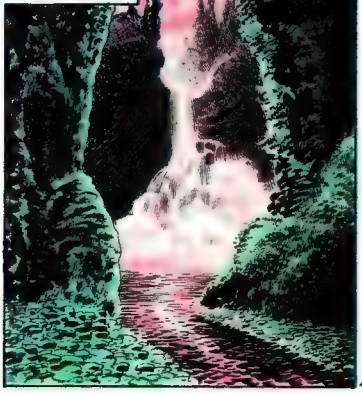
...GENTLEMEN!

THE HEAT OF THE CONTROVERSY CARRIES THEM INTO A RAGING STREAM WHICH FAILS TO DAMPEN THEIR CONTENTIOUSNESS.

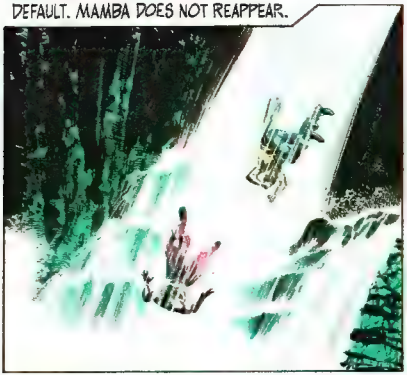


MAMBA EMPHASISES HIS POSITION WITH A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD. ORION NEARLY CONCEDES HIS STAND ENTIRELY.

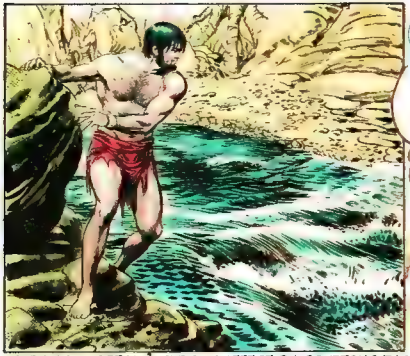
A MIGHTY CASCADE THREATENS TO SETTLE THEIR DISPUTE *FOR* THEM—PERMANENTLY!

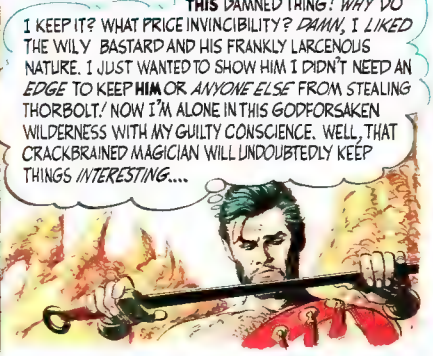


THE DISAGREEMENT COMES TO AN ABRUPT END AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FALLS WITH ORION THE VICTOR, APPARENTLY BY DEFAULT. MAMBA DOES NOT REAPPEAR.



REPEATED DIVES AND CANVASSING OF BOTH BANKS FURTHER DOWN STREAM PROVE FRUITLESS. DISPIRITED, ORION RECOVERS HIS SWORD AND THE NECESSARY SUPPLIES TO CONTINUE HIS TREK.




THIS DAMNED THING! *WHY* DO I KEEP IT? WHAT PRICE INVINCIBILITY? *DAMN*, I *LIKED* THE WILY BASTARD AND HIS FRANKLY LARCENOUS NATURE. I JUST WANTED TO SHOW HIM I DIDN'T NEED AN *EDGE* TO KEEP **HIM** OR *ANYONE ELSE* FROM STEALING THORBOLT! NOW I'M ALONE IN THIS GODFORSAKEN WILDERNESS WITH MY GUILTY CONSCIENCE. WELL, THAT CRACKBRAINED MAGICIAN WILL UNDOUBTEDLY KEEP THINGS *INTERESTING*....

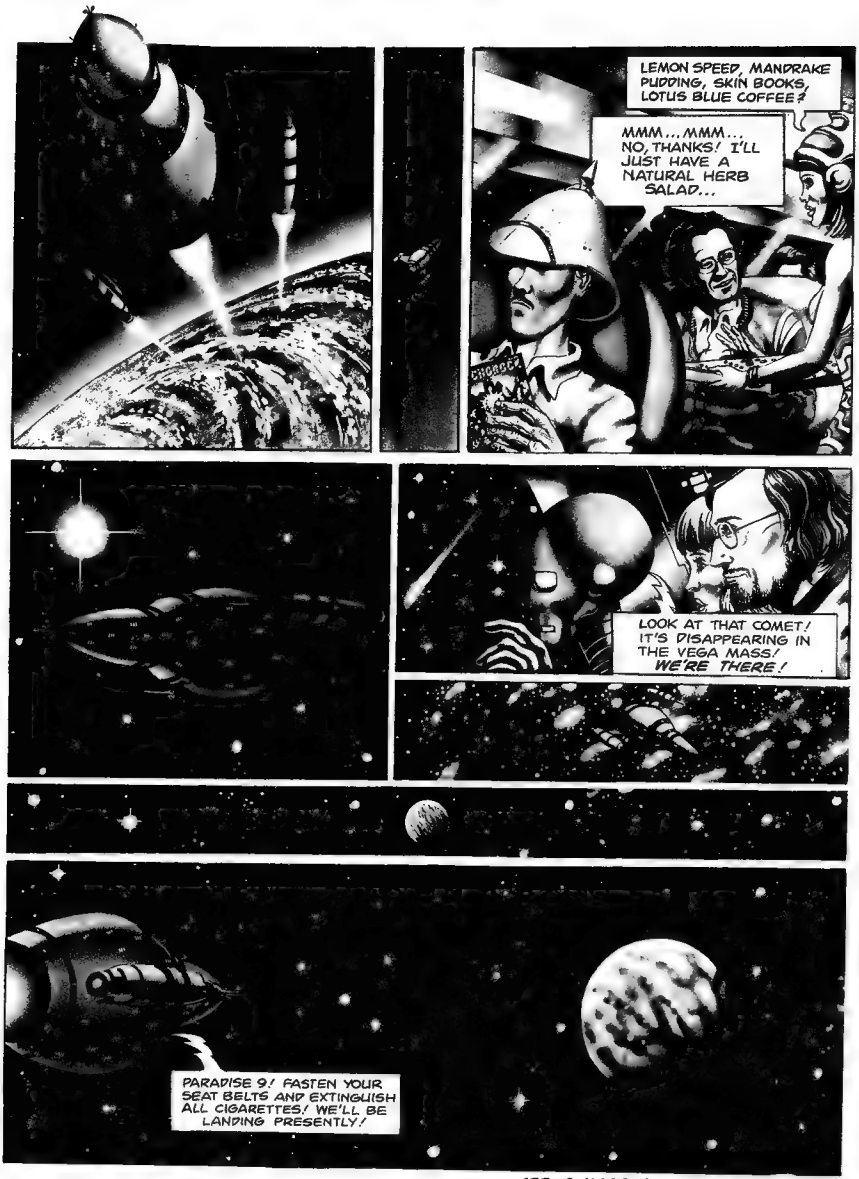
CURSING THORBOLT'S ENTICING AFFECT ON COVETOUS RASCALS AND WIZARDS ALL, HE SETS OUT GRIMLY ACROSS THE FORBIDDING TERRAIN.

PARADISE 9

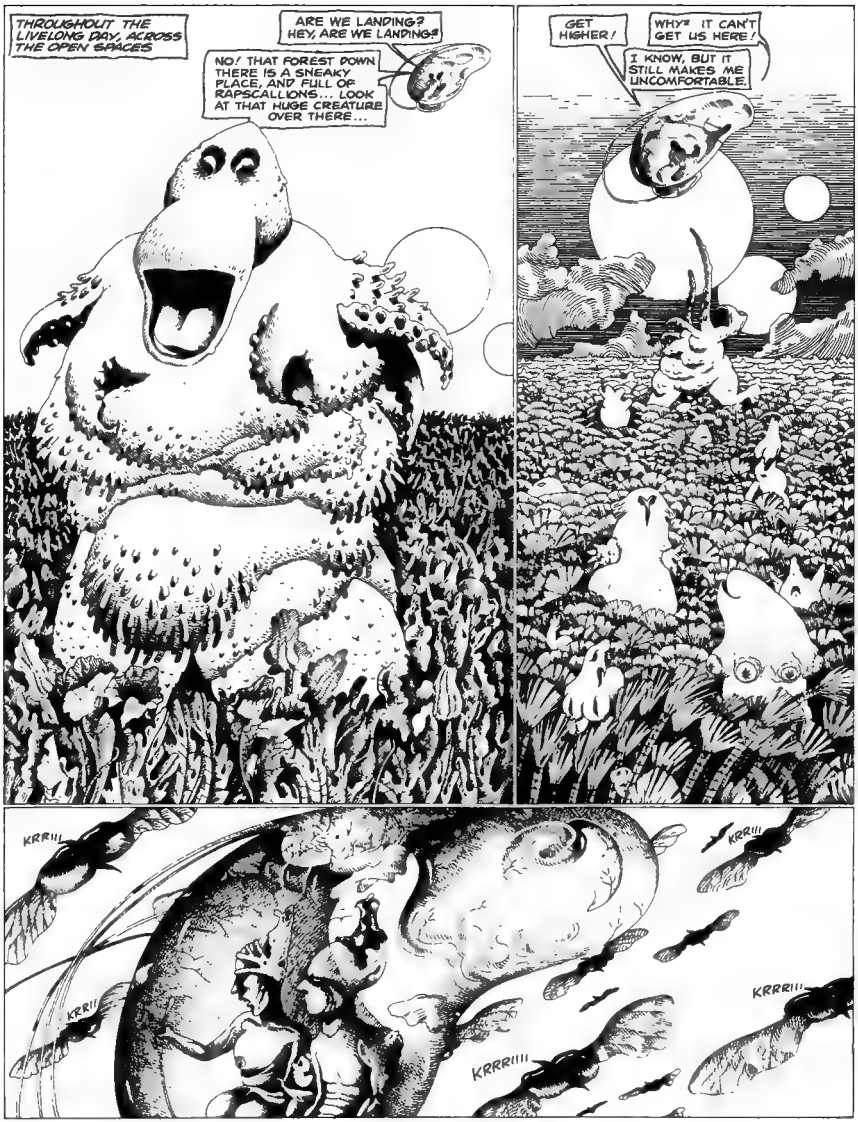
A distant planet, which welcomes only 325 visitors each year. Curiously, when they return, their reports are contradictory.

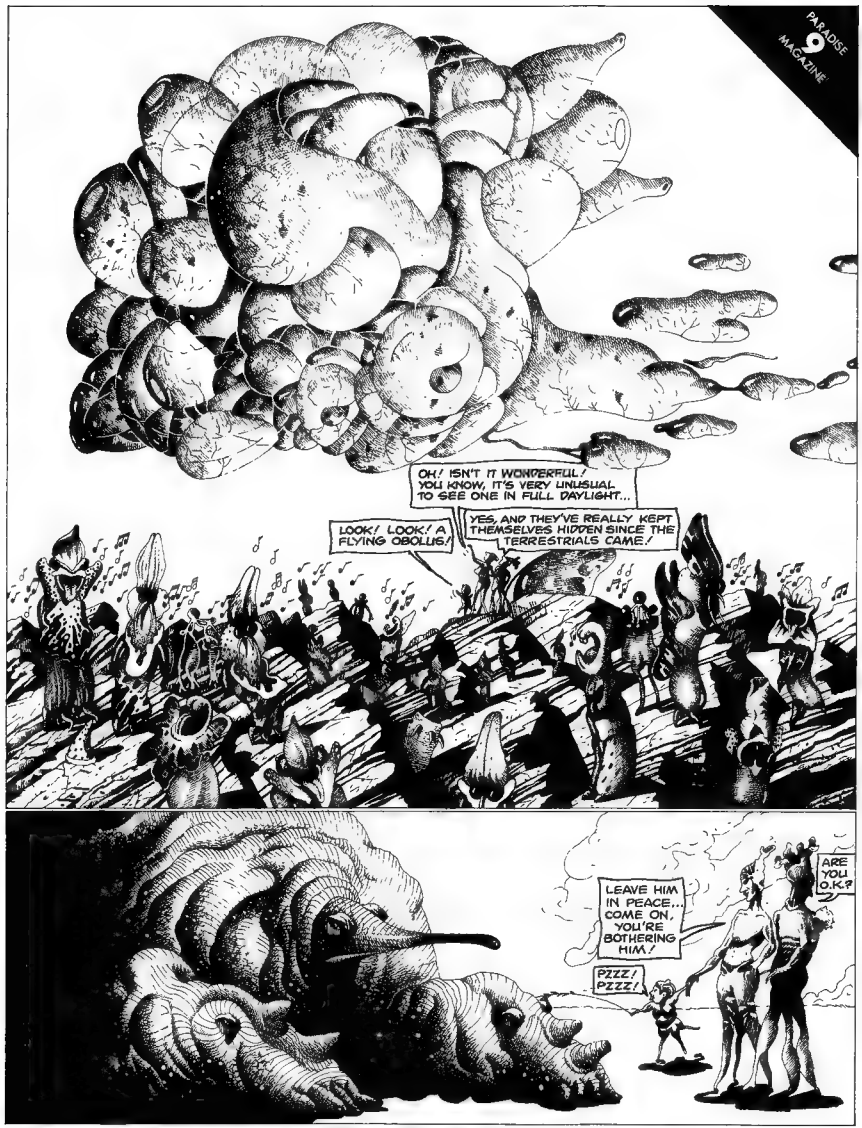
Paradise 9. Planet of total confusion or planet of total desire?

PARADISE 9 MAGAZINE
DEPARTURE
WELL, WOULDN'T YOU EXPECT US TO TAKE OFF FOR THE STARS AFTER ALL THAT SCIENCE FICTION?
WHAT A GREAT IDEA, TAKING THE STAFF OF HEAVY METAL TO PLANET 9!
ATTENTION! SATELLITE 6 NOW LEAVING FOR PARADISE 9... DEPARTURE FOR PARADISE 9... NOW LEAVING
WHAT A KILLER TRIP, MAN!
HEAVY METAL 13
THERE'S FOUR PAGES OF MOEBIUS IN NAT LAMP'S "FRENCH COMICS" ...BZZZZNNGG!...
FRENCH COMICS
IN THE STYLE OF ANTONIUS GASTONIUS VON MOEBIUS

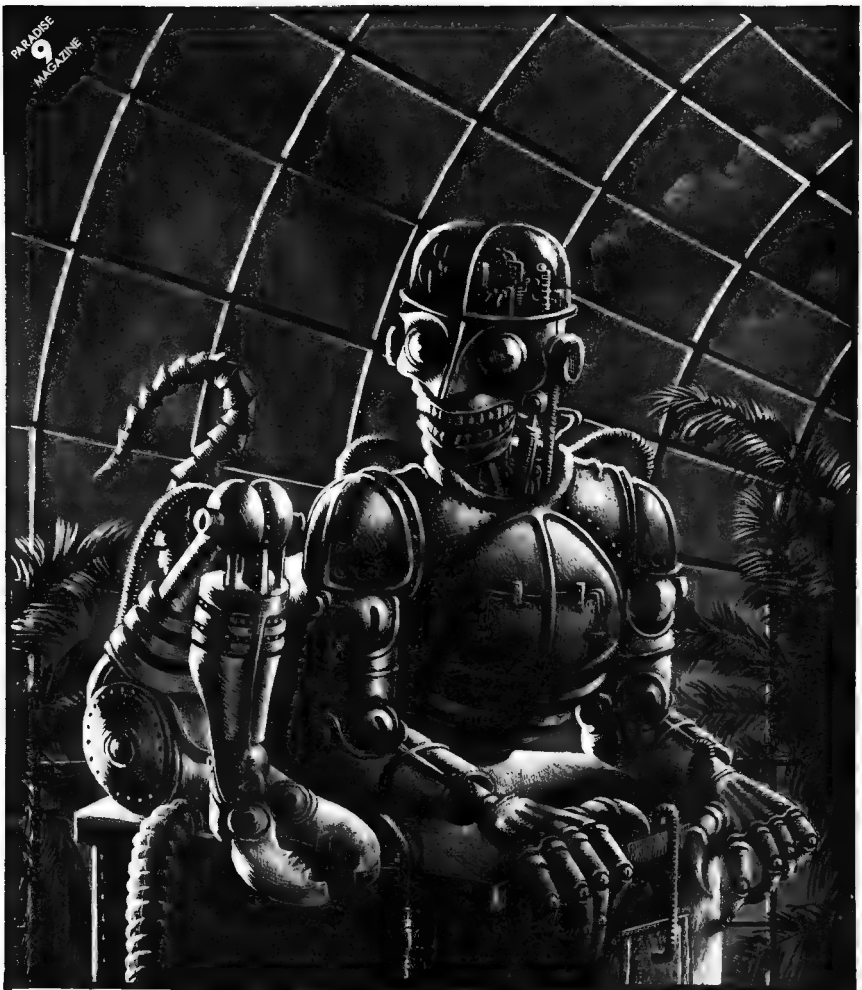

LEMON SPEED, MANDRAKE PUDDING, SKIN BOOKS, LOTUS BLUE COFFEE?
MMM... MMM... NO, THANKS! I'LL JUST HAVE A NATURAL HERB SALAD...
CHOMP
LOOK AT THAT COMET! IT'S DISAPPEARING IN THE VEGA MASS! WE'RE THERE!
PARADISE 9! FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS AND EXTINGUISH ALL CIGARETTES! WE'LL BE LANDING PRESENTLY!

ART: S. MACEDO SCRIPT: P. MANOEUVRE


THROUGHOUT THE LIVELONG DAY, ACROSS THE OPEN SPACES
ARE WE LANDING? HEY, ARE WE LANDING?
NO! THAT FOREST DOWN THERE IS A SNEAKY PLACE, AND FULL OF RAPSCALLIONS... LOOK AT THAT HUGE CREATURE OVER THERE...
GET HIGHER!
WHY? IT CAN'T GET US HERE!
I KNOW, BUT IT STILL MAKES ME UNCOMFORTABLE.
KRR!!!
KRR!!
KRR!!!
KRRR!!!!
KRRR!!!


OH! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL! YOU KNOW, IT'S VERY UNUSUAL TO SEE ONE IN FULL DAYLIGHT...
LOOK! LOOK! A FLYING OBOLUS!
YES, AND THEY'VE REALLY KEPT THEMSELVES HIDDEN SINCE THE TERRESTRIALS CAME!
LEAVE HIM IN PEACE... COME ON, YOU'RE BOTHERING HIM!
PZZZ! PZZZ!
ARE YOU O.K.?

PARADOX 9 MAGAZINE
LET'S GO, IT'S LATE... AND THE LAST MOON HAS GONE DOWN...
AT DUSK, ALL THE SEA LAKES TURN TO SHIMMERING PHOSPHORESCENCE
MYOH MYOH MY
GRANDMA, WE SAW A RASCALLION AND A FLYING OBOLUS! AND FUNNY STREAKS POURING DOWN ON THE BEACH!
THE END OF A DAY IN THE COUNTRY
NICOLE CLAVELOUX



AEDIPIOS! ANGEL OF IRON, GRAND ARCHITECT AND PRINCIPAL OF OUR PLANET: AEDIPIOS, ANGEL OF DEATH! YOUR REIGN, WHICH OUR KIND CREATOR, MAD AELOHAM (WHO PASSED ON TO YOU THE VAST DARK KNOWLEDGE BY WAY OF THE SCIENCES AND BLACK MAGIC), YOUR REIGN, WHICH YOU WISHED TO BE ETERNAL, WILL COME TO AN END AFTER 666 YEARS... NO QUESTION WILL REMAIN UNANSWERED, FOR YOUR KNOWLEDGE IS LIMITLESS, BUT YOU WILL TYRANNIZE YOUR MORTAL SUBJECTS, FOR YOUR CRUELTY IS BOUNDLESS...

WITH A HEAVY YOKE YOUR PLAYTHING, YOU WILL BURDEN YOUR SERVANTS UNTIL ***CESAR MENROD*** COMES TO LIBERATE US: AS LORD OF THE POOR, HE WILL RAISE HIS VENGEFUL ARM AND CREATE THE CHAOS IN WHICH YOU WILL BE SWALLOWED... AND THEN HE WILL MAKE HIMSELF MASTER OF YOUR SOVEREIGN POWER... AND BRING A TIME OF PEACE AND JOY...

FROM THE SECOND CENTURY OF THE PROPHECIES OF NEKO SHESHONK

I ALMOST LEFT MY HIDE ON *CALYPSO*. THEN I HOPPED A CARGO FLIGHT LEAVING FOR...

Paradise 9

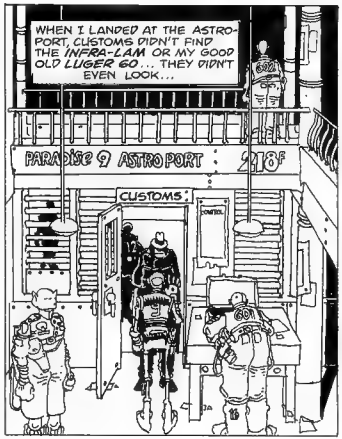
ON THE WAY, I GOT MY ORDERS...

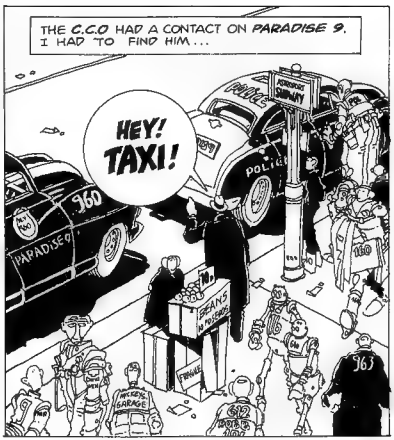
SCRIPT: PHIL MANOEUVRE
ART: SERGE CLERC

H.M. ÉDITIONS

HUMANOÏDES ASSOCIÉS

a Heavy Metal production


WHEN I LANDED AT THE ASTRO-PORT, CUSTOMS DIDN'T FIND THE *INFRA-LAM* OR MY GOOD OLD *LUGER 60*... THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOOK...
PARADISE 9 ASTRO PORT
CUSTOMS



MURDE
ON
DENEB
DRINK
Coca-Cola
MURDER ON DENEB
PARADISO
WITH
SCRAPPER
GLAMOUR
IN HIS
ASTRONE
THE OAKLAND BAR ON PLYMOUTH AVENUE...

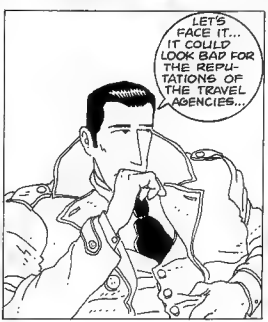
I FOUND SAM CHOLIKA IN HIS USUAL HANGOUT...
HAMBURG
15
SLAM
Bye
SAM CLARK

DRINK
PEPSI COKA
HIYA, SAM!
WHO ARE YOU?

YOU'RE A GREAT KIDDER, SAM! THE C.C.O. WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO FIND THE TWENTY-FIVE GIRLS WHO'VE DISAPPEARED ON PARADISE 9.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! LEAVE ME ALONE! GET LOST, BUDDY!
DENEB
MODE
VOL.1 #5
3D RACKETS
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, AN INFRA-LAM IS AIMED RIGHT AT YOUR GUT. YOU KNOW WHAT AN INFRA-LAM IS?

HE KNEW ALL RIGHT .. ANYWAY, HE SUDDENLY BECAME REAL COOPERATIVE ...
OKAY! COOL IT/...I'VE ALWAYS BEEN TERRIFIED OF THOSE VICIOUS LITTLE MACHINES...UMMM, I'VE GOT SOME TIPS... BUT WHY IS THE C.C.O. INTERESTED IN THOSE GIRLS?


LET'S FACE IT... IT COULD LOOK BAD FOR THE REPUTATIONS OF THE TRAVEL AGENCIES...

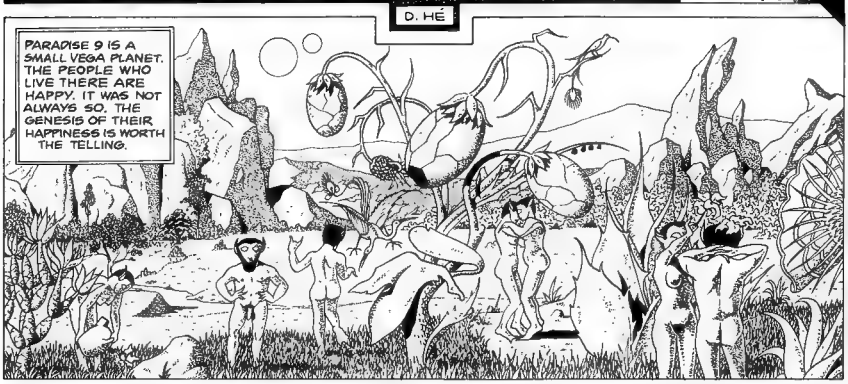
I SEE! WELL, ALL I KNOW IS THAT...
AHH!
MY GOD! SAM!

I GOT THE BITTER WHIFF OF A COLT 45 WITH A SILENCER...
AAARRGH
AND SAM CHOUKA COLLAPSED HOWLING.
A GIRL STARTED TO SCREAM...
EEEEEEKK!
AT TIMES LIKE THAT YOU DON'T STOP TO THINK... THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SECOND SLUG FOR ME...
I JUMPED FOR THE EMERGENCY EXIT...
...WHERE I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE POLLACK! POLICE! ...IT WAS SURELY THE FIRST TIME I SAW COPS THAT FAST...
EXIT
INSPECTOR LLOYD FULLER. IT SEEMS THE C.O. PUT YOU A LITTLE TOO MUCH AT YOUR EASE WITH THE LOCAL CUSTOMS! COME WITH US!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, I FOUND MYSELF IN THE ORBIT-SATO OF THE POLLACK!... ABOUT TEN MILES BELOW PARADISE 9
PARADISE 9 AND VICINITY
INSPECTOR LLOYD FUNER
P
IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, SINCE THERE AREN'T ANY CHARGES AGAINST ME, I'D LIKE TO LEAVE...
I GUESS YOU'RE HOPING TO FIND THE ABYSS ZONE WHERE THE GIRLS DISAPPEARED...
WELL, WE'LL GO WITH YOU...
IT WAS HARD TO REFUSE... A SPACE SHUTTLE TOOK OFF FROM THE ORBIT-SATO AND LANDED BACK ON EARTH...
NICE PLACE FOR A FUNERAL...
IT WAS THE ABYSS ZONE ...A STRANGE PLACE... ICE ...DESERT...
WE GOT OUT...
AND THEN I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND...
BLAAAMM
AHHHHH
MY SEARCH ENDED THERE ...THE BLOOD SPREAD OVER THE SAND...
FIN

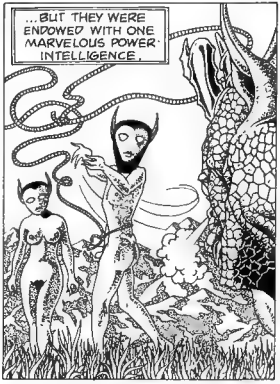
GENESIS

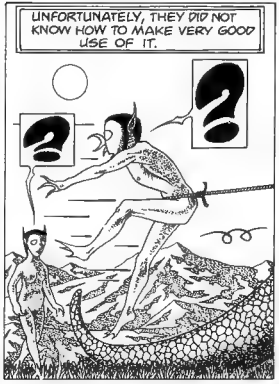
PARADISE 9 MAGAZINE

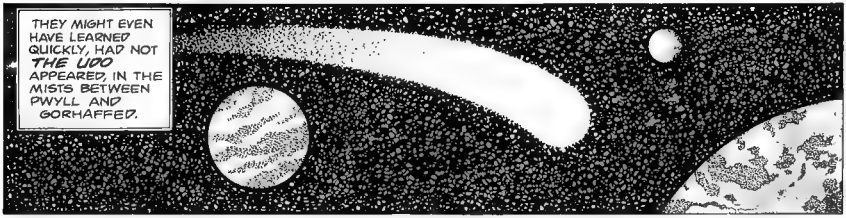
D. HÉ

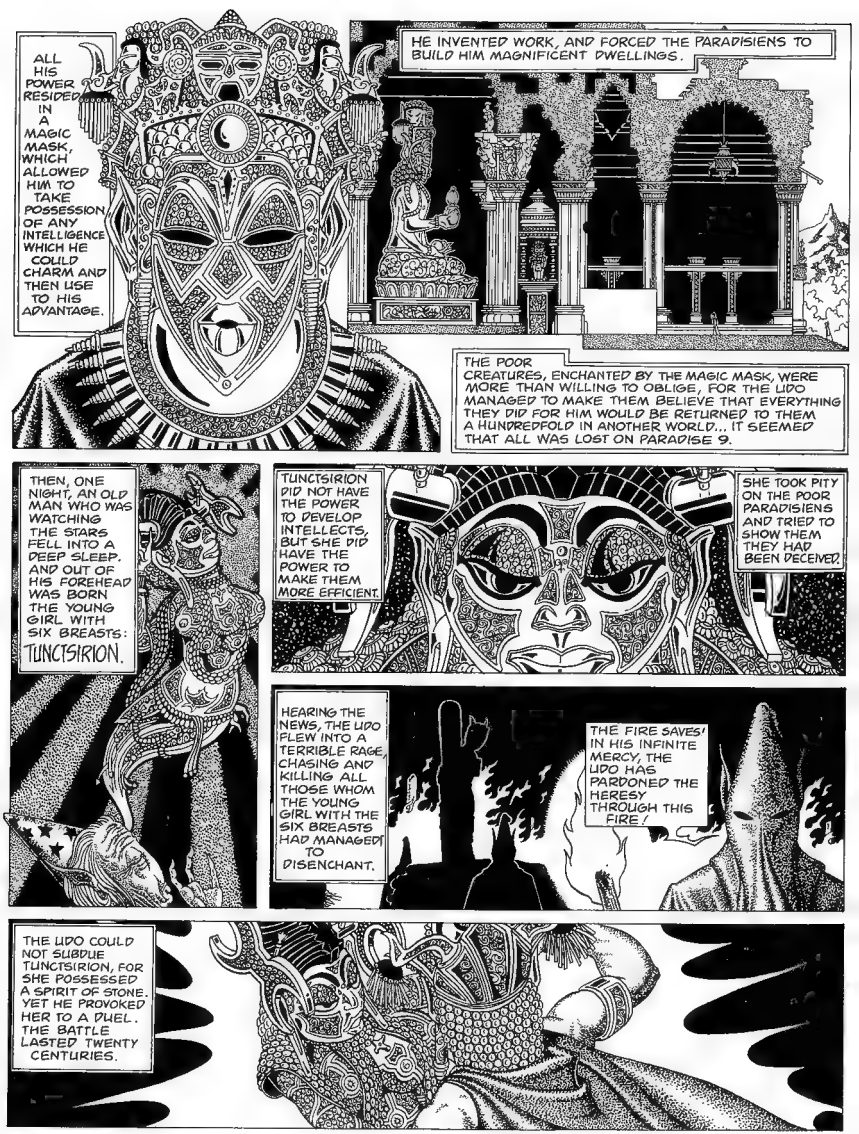

PARADISE 9 IS A SMALL VEGA PLANET. THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE THERE ARE HAPPY. IT WAS NOT ALWAYS SO. THE GENESIS OF THEIR HAPPINESS IS WORTH THE TELLING.

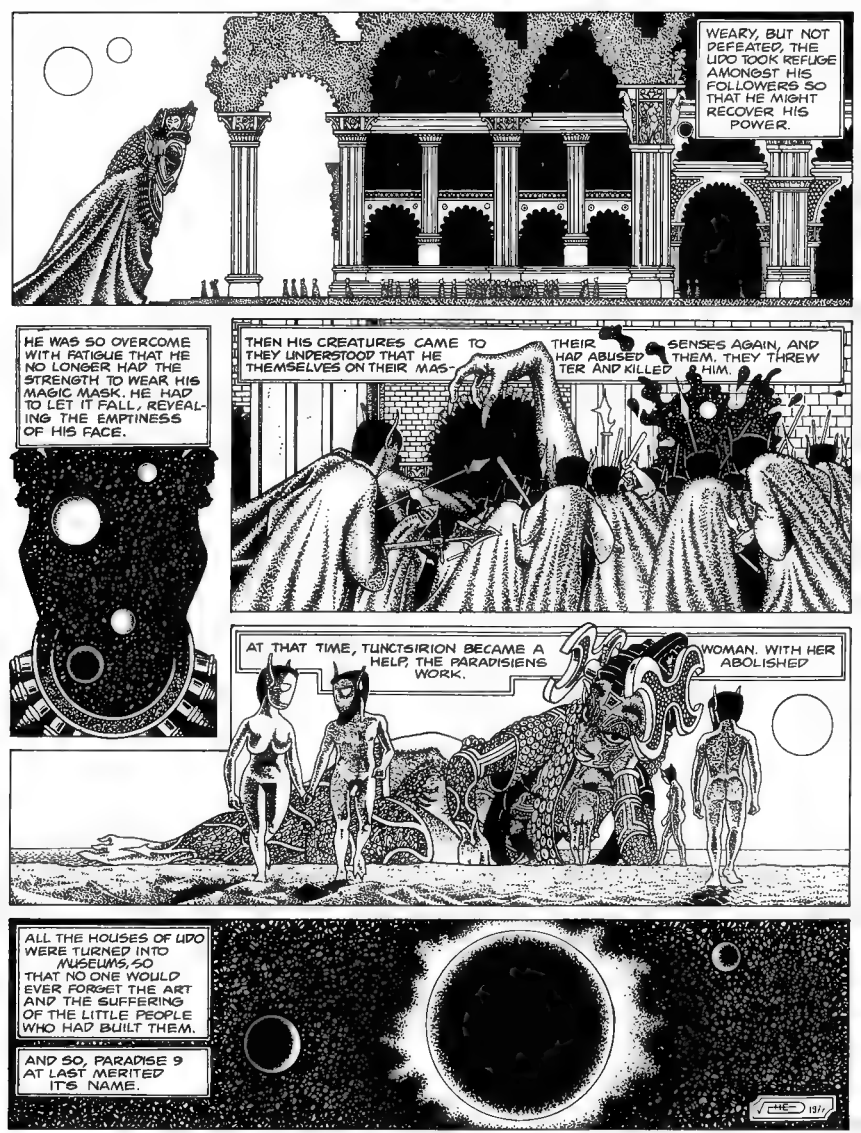
AT THE BEGINNING OF TIME, PARADISE 9 WAS JUST A WILD PLANET ON WHICH LIVED SMALL CREATURES, DEVOID OF ALL NATURAL PHYSICAL DEFENSES...








ALL HIS POWER RESIDED IN A MAGIC MASK, WHICH ALLOWED HIM TO TAKE POSSESSION OF ANY INTELLIGENCE WHICH HE COULD CHARM AND THEN USE TO HIS ADVANTAGE.
HE INVENTED WORK, AND FORCED THE PARADISIENS TO BUILD HIM MAGNIFICENT DWELLINGS.
THE POOR CREATURES, ENCHANTED BY THE MAGIC MASK, WERE MORE THAN WILLING TO OBLIGE, FOR THE UDO MANAGED TO MAKE THEM BELIEVE THAT EVERYTHING THEY DID FOR HIM WOULD BE RETURNED TO THEM A HUNDREDFOLD IN ANOTHER WORLD... IT SEEMED THAT ALL WAS LOST ON PARADISE 9.
THEN, ONE NIGHT, AN OLD MAN WHO WAS WATCHING THE STARS FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP. AND OUT OF HIS FOREHEAD WAS BORN THE YOUNG GIRL WITH SIX BREASTS: TUNCTSIRION.
TUNCTSIRION DID NOT HAVE THE POWER TO DEVELOP INTELLECTS, BUT SHE DID HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE THEM MORE EFFICIENT.
SHE TOOK PITY ON THE POOR PARADISIENS AND TRIED TO SHOW THEM THEY HAD BEEN DECEIVED.
HEARING THE NEWS, THE UDO FLEW INTO A TERRIBLE RAGE, CHASING AND KILLING ALL THOSE WHOM THE YOUNG GIRL WITH THE SIX BREASTS HAD MANAGED TO DISENCHANT.
THE FIRE SAVES! IN HIS INFINITE MERCY, THE UDO HAS PARDONED THE HERESY THROUGH THIS FIRE!
THE UDO COULD NOT SUBDUE TUNCTSIRION, FOR SHE POSSESSED A SPIRIT OF STONE. YET HE PROVOKED HER TO A DUEL. THE BATTLE LASTED TWENTY CENTURIES.

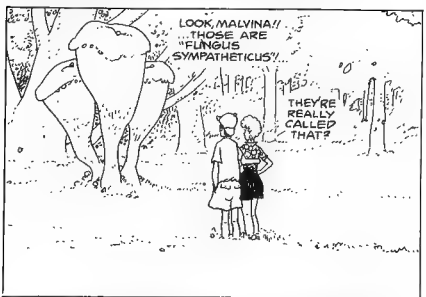

WEARY, BUT NOT DEFEATED, THE UDO TOOK REFUGE AMONGST HIS FOLLOWERS SO THAT HE MIGHT RECOVER HIS POWER.
HE WAS SO OVERCOME WITH FATIGUE THAT HE NO LONGER HAD THE STRENGTH TO WEAR HIS MAGIC MASK. HE HAD TO LET IT FALL, REVEALING THE EMPTINESS OF HIS FACE.
THEN HIS CREATURES CAME TO THEIR SENSES AGAIN, AND THEY UNDERSTOOD THAT HE HAD ABUSED THEM. THEY THREW THEMSELVES ON THEIR MASTER AND KILLED HIM.
AT THAT TIME, TUNCTSIRION BECAME A WOMAN. WITH HER HELP, THE PARADISIENS ABOLISHED WORK.
ALL THE HOUSES OF UDO WERE TURNED INTO MUSEUMS, SO THAT NO ONE WOULD EVER FORGET THE ART AND THE SUFFERING OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO HAD BUILT THEM.
AND SO, PARADISE 9 AT LAST MERITED ITS NAME.
THE 137

THE FLORA OF PARADISE 9

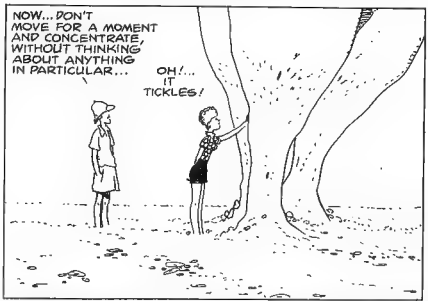
BY MOEBIUS

THE HILLS OF MAYHANI ON P.9 ARE COVERED WITH AN INFINITE VARIETY OF FLORA... TIME AFTER TIME, THE TOURISTS FERTILIZE THE GENTLY ROLLING FIELDS BY MEANS OF THEIR CONSTANT COMINGS AND GOINGS.

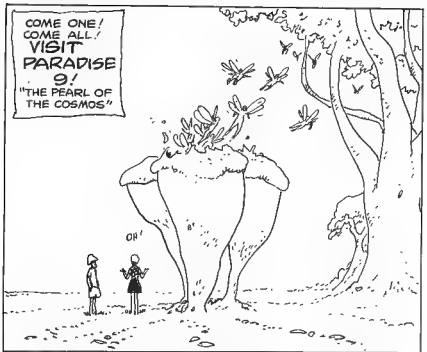
AFTER TOURISTS SMELL THE FLOWERS, THEY EXHALE THE POLLEN, THUS CREATING YET MORE SWEET-SMELLING BLOSSOMS... EACH GROUP IS ENCOURAGED TO PLUCK AND SCATTER, FOR PARADISE 9 IS TRULY A PLANET OF FLOWER POWER.



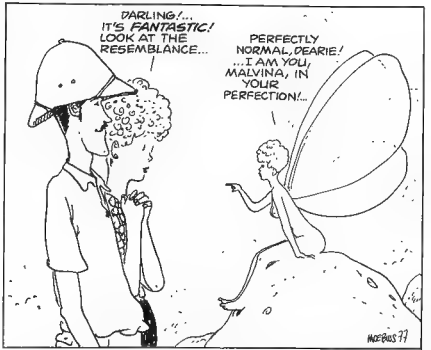
IN THE FOREST, FURTHER TO THE EAST, THERE ARE MYSTERIOUS GIANT MUSHROOMS... IN MY OPINION, THE GREATEST ENIGMA OF ALL THE FLORA ON PARADISE 9.



HERE ARE TWO TOURISTS WHO AREN'T GOING TO MISS MAKING USE OF THE MARVELOUS POWER OF THESE FINE SPECIMEN OF PARADISIEN FAUNA.



THEN, THE FUNGUS OPENS, RELEASING A RESONANT, COLORED CLOUD... THE "EPHEMERALS" OF PARADISE 9... THEY MELT INTO THE NEARBY FOREST.

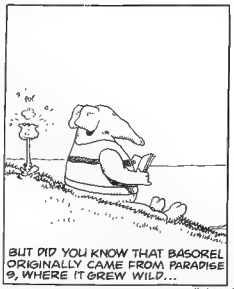


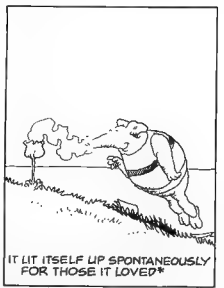
IMAGINE THE DELIGHTED SURPRISE OF A TOURIST ON HEARING THE PRATTLE OF THESE DELICATE, IMPERTINENT CREATURES.

PARADISE NINE'S STRANGE FLOWERS

CONTINUATION

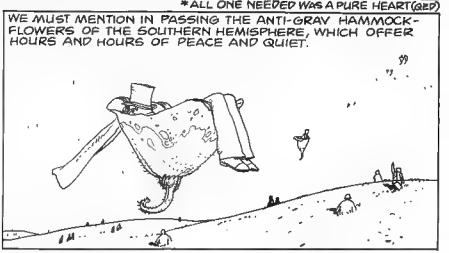
THAT'S IT! I CAN FEEL THE GREAT BLUENESS TAKING OVER MY HEAD.
YOU'VE ALL SMOKED BASOREL AT LEAST ONCE IN YOUR LIVES... (IF NOT, TRY SOME...)

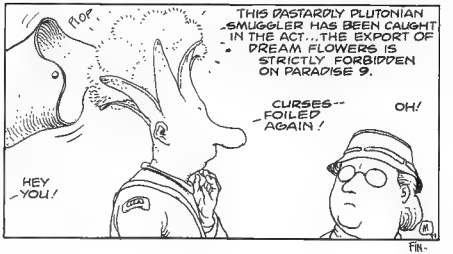




* ALL ONE NEEDED WAS A PURE HEART (RED)

ANOTHER RARITY PECULIAR TO THE MAYHANI REGION: THE "LASER BLOSSOM"
ISN'T IT PRETTY, MRS. FOTHERINGTON THOMAS?*
ACCORDING TO THE RULES, IT'S TIME TO WATER IT NOW
WELL DONE!
* TOURISTS WHO WISH TO DO SO CAN LINGER IN THE FOYER AND TAKE PART IN THE CULTIVATION OF THE "LASER BLOSSOM"


WE MUST MENTION IN PASSING THE ANTI-GRAV HAMMOCK-FLOWERS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE, WHICH OFFER HOURS AND HOURS OF PEACE AND QUIET.


PLOP
THIS BASTARDLY PLUTONIAN SMUGGLER HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN THE ACT... THE EXPORT OF DREAM FLOWERS IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN ON PARADISE 9.
CURSES-- FOILED AGAIN!
OH!
HEY YOU!
FIN.

Pic snapped on Paradise 9. The arrival of Miss Zodiac and her robot companion, Marie. Weren't they surprised by our HEAVY METAL shutterbug!

PARADISE 9 MAGAZINE

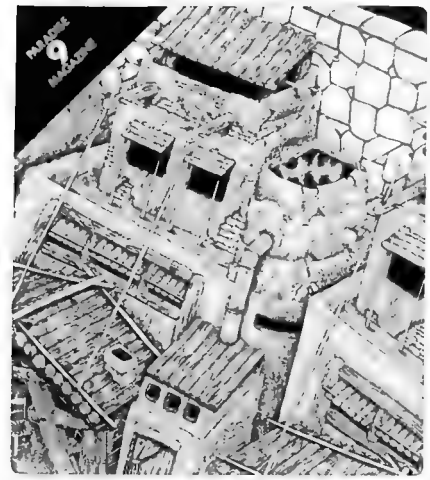
Published simultaneously in the United States by HM Communications,Inc., and in France by L. F. Editions, in cooperation with the Public Relations branch of the INtourist Bureau, Paradise 9. Promotional and other considerations paid for by Par-Nine Spaceways Corp.

It was all Jean-Pierre's idea, really. On one of his weekly visits to New York (he travels back and forth across the Atlantic free, disguised as David Frost's attaché case), he suggested that all of us Statesiders – Val, Julie, Susan, John, Akbar, Ed, and yours truly—accompany him and his fellow humanoids on a "perk," an all-expense paid round trip to Paradise 9, home planet of regular *Metal Hurlant* contributor Zha.

When you've been in the magazine game as long as I have, you find most press junkets more than a little tedious, but in the interests of Franco-American relations, not to mention good gravy, we agreed. Then, at the last minute, I remembered a National Hockey League Board of Governors meeting I'd promised to attend in Toronto right in the middle of the Paradise 9 expedition. (The whole question of drafting free-agent extra-terrestrials had to be ironed out, and fast.) Reluctantly, I bowed out, never did get to go on the trip, and so I'm as puzzled as you are by the seemingly contradictory reports brought back by the team. The "new journalism," I guess you'd call it.

Akbar, John,and Ed won't talk about what happened up there at all. Julie, Val, and Susan stayed.

GAL:
AT THE HEART OF PARADISE IX LIES A JUNGLE FULL OF BOUNDLESS SURPRISES (HERE WE SEE THE RUINS OF SUPILIOULUMA).



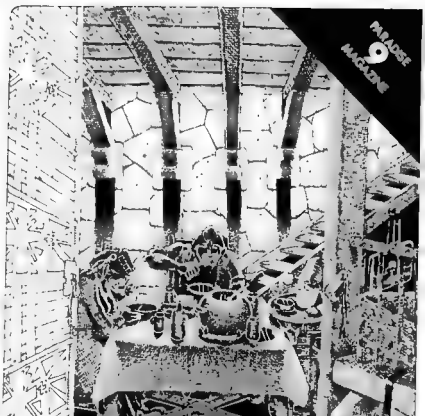
THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, AS TOLD BY BADAR. IT BEGINS ON AUGUST 12, 232, FOR ON THAT DAY AT DAWN, BADAR DECIDED TO WRITE IT.

ON THAT MORNING AT FIVE O'CLOCK, THEY SIMPLY HAD TO KILL CLOU'S SON: HE SAID HE HEARD NOISES AND SCRATCHING OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE VILLAGE...

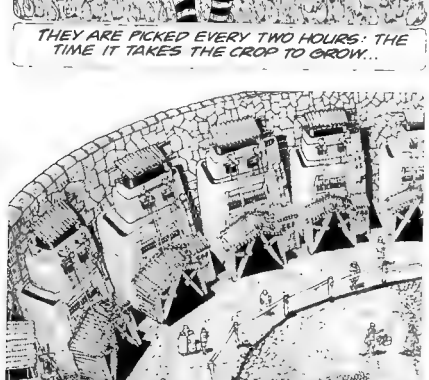
...WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE, AS THERE IS NOTHING BEYOND THE CIRCULAR WALL OF THE VILLAGE.

IT WAS VERY SERIOUS. EVERYONE LIKED HIM VERY MUCH HERE, BUT YOU CAN'T LET THAT KIND OF IDEA GET AROUND... AT THE CENTER OF THE VILLAGE, THERE'S A FIELD WHERE THE PLANTS WHICH NOURISH US ALL GROW...

THEY ARE PICKED EVERY TWO HOURS: THE TIME IT TAKES THE CROP TO GROW...



ALL THE DOORS AND ALL THE WINDOWS FACE ON TO THE FIELD. IN EACH HOUSE, THE OUTSIDE WALL IS PART OF THE EXTERIOR CIRCULAR RAMPART.



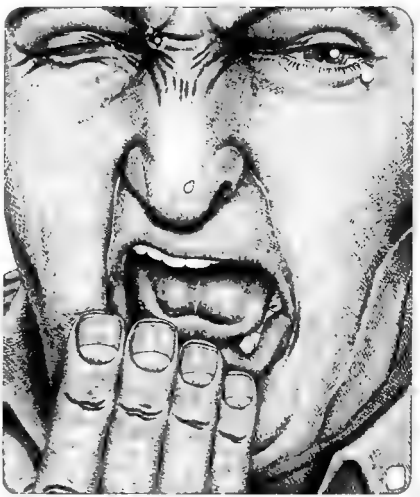
MY PARENTS ARE VERY NICE. THEY LIVE IN THE HUT TO THE RIGHT OF MINE. THEIR PARENTS LIVE IN THE HUT TO THE RIGHT OF THEM, AND SO ON UNTIL MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER GEORGE, WHO HASN'T BEEN AROUND FOR A VERY LONG TIME...

THERE ARE 128 PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE, AND I AM THE FIRST TO HAVE THE BRILLIANT IDEA OF TELLING ITS HISTORY. ACTUALLY, I DON'T HAVE MUCH TO SAY, FOR NO ONE WANTS TO KNOW: EVERYONE HERE REFUSES TO TALK OF THE PAST, SO I'LL BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING WHEN THE TOWN WAS BORN AT THE TIME OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER GEORGE.

I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO START... THERE'S A JOKE WHICH MAKES EVERYONE LAUGH HERE: TROOCTLON WAS OUT WALKING ONE THURSDAY NIGHT BEFORE DINNER. HE PICKED UP A BLACK PEBBLE FROM THE GROUND AND PUT IT IN HIS POCKET: NO ONE SAW HIM!!... HILARIOUS, DON'T YOU THINK?

I KNOW I'M NOT REALLY ARTISTIC, BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ANY RESPECT AT ALL FOR THE COMPULSORY FORM LAID DOWN BY SEGROB, OUR POET.

ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO STOP FOR NOW: I'LL START AGAIN TOMORROW MORNING.

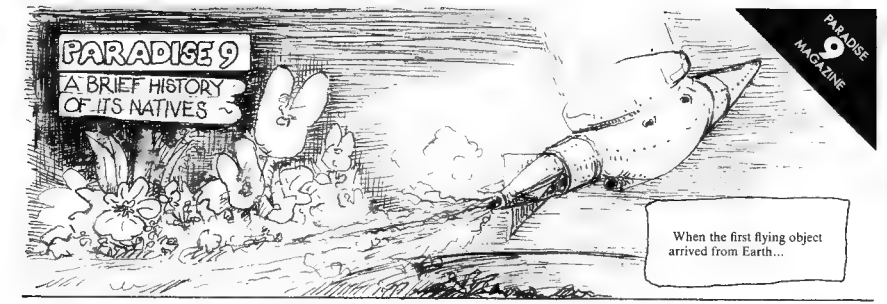


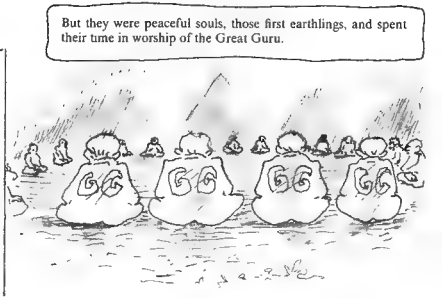
HERE ENDS THE HISTORY OF PARADISE 9, FOR BADAR TOOK A REST, AND DID NOT AWAKE.

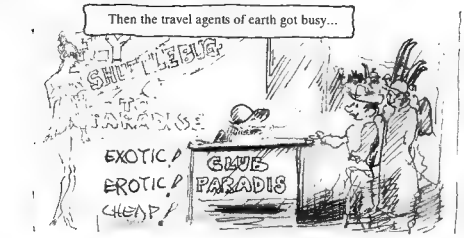
9661

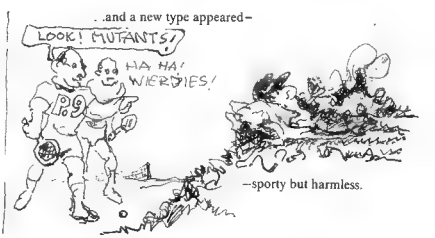
DEER FRENZ, KUD THIZ BE THU ENDUV BARADYS 9 ?
EVER ZINZ THU ERTHLINZ BIN WOGIN ROWN ON AR DEER BLANED...
THANGZDUTHU FAYWUZ JEENYUZUZ MAZDERZN JAWNZUN, THAYV HELBDUZ DIZGUVER THU THRILLZU MAZDER-BAYTLIN...
PARADISE 9 MAGAZINE
THRU THU ZENDJUREEZ, THIZ BRAGDIZ HAZ ZBREP TO THU BOINDOV EGGSGLUDIN EVERTHIN
ELZ. WUNZ, THER WUR 250,000,000 BARADEEZJUNZ. ANOW, ZINZ
THU DETHU ILK, THERZ ONLEE FIVE LEVT.*
Z..
DEER FRENZ...
THERZ NOWAY AROUN ID
?
THIZ IZ ZEERYUZ!
!
*TO BE EXACT, 7683 YEARS AND THREE MONTHS BETWEEN THIS SCENE IN 9661 AND THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE EARTHLINGS IN 1978.

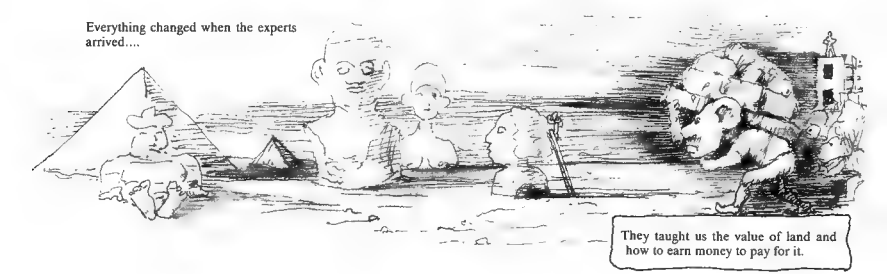
PARADISE 9
A BRIEF HISTORY OF ITS NATIVES

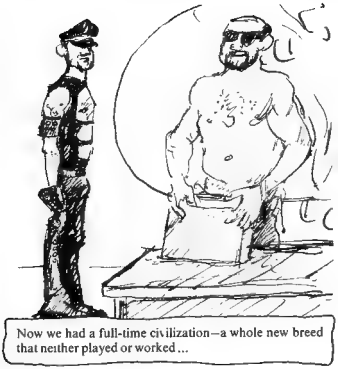






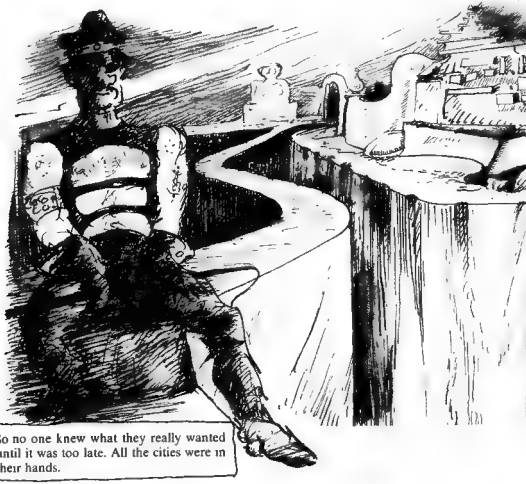




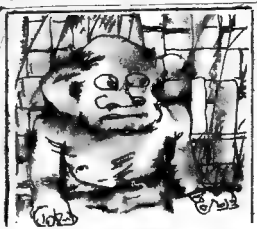


Now we had a full-time civilization—a whole new breed that neither played or worked...

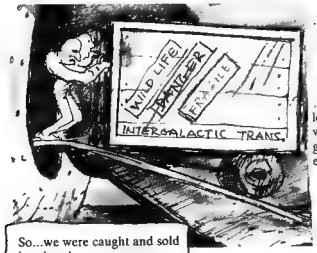
...just went around on their wheels....



So no one knew what they really wanted until it was too late. All the cities were in their hands.



There were no more forests in which to hide.



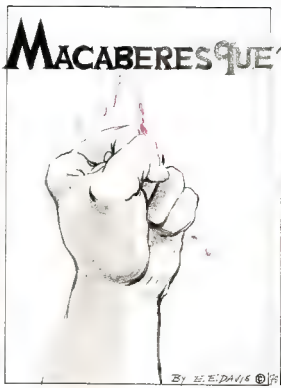
So...we were caught and sold into bondage...

...to the circus on earth...

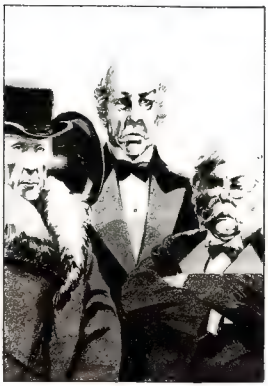
... where, lo and behold, we were liberated by the good folk of Ireland, the elfin paradise....

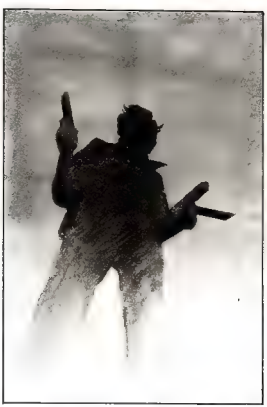
Rubington

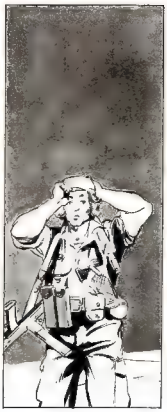
MACABERESQUE



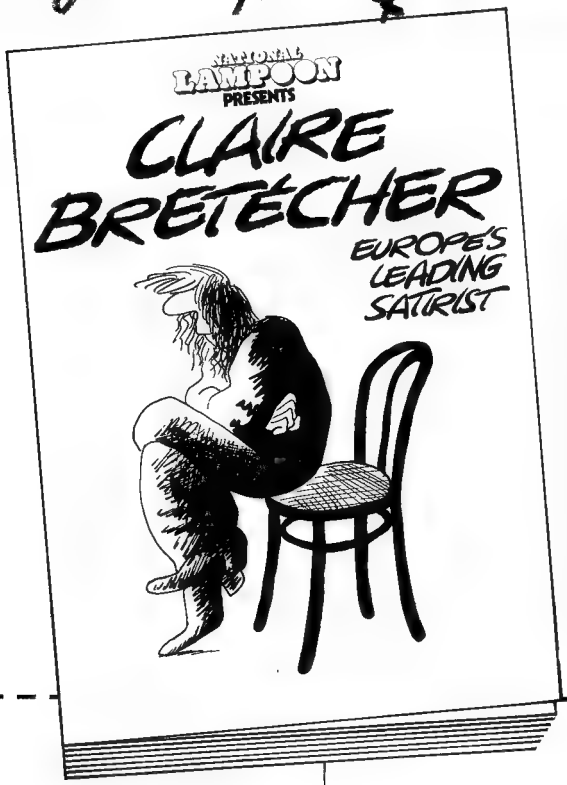
FRESH
REDS
TODAY







Claire Bretécher is a funny ~~lady woman~~ person!



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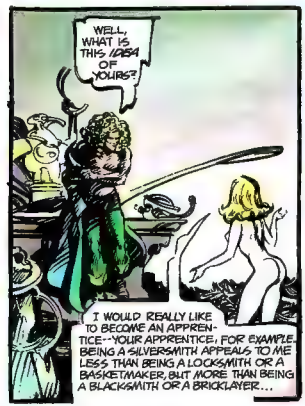
HM-478

BARBARELLA

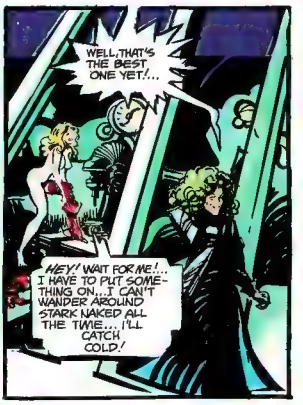
SOMEWHAT LATER, IN ONE OF THE COUNTLESS WORKSHOPS OF THE FLOATING PLANET...
I DON'T HAVE MY OWN WORKSHOP ANYMORE. BUT I'VE BEEN LENT THIS ONE...IT BELONGS TO A COMRADE CLOCKMAKER...IT SUITS ME FINE... ANYWAY, I'LL BE LEAVING SOON FOR MY TOUR OF THE UNIVERSE!
HOW THRILLING!...EVERYONE SAYS THAT SILVERSMITHS HAVE A REAL SENSE OF HUMOR...AND YOURS SEEMS REALLY SHARP, MISTER SPOONLOVE, WHAT WITH THIS BUNDLE OF FORKS STICKING INTO MY BUM...

I'LL RETURN IN TWO OR THREE LIGHT-YEARS, BUT BY FOLLOWING A CAREFULLY PLANNED ITINERARY THROUGH THE TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM, MY ABSENCE WILL BE ONLY EQUIVALENT TO A PERIOD IN THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE OF FROM FOUR TO SIX YEARS OF HUMAN LIFE. THEN I'LL BEGIN MY MASTERPIECE, AND I HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT IT WILL FIGURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE BROTHERHOOD.
YOU'RE GOING TO LAUGH, BUT I JUST GOT AN IDEA!

AN IDEA! YOU HAD AN IDEA! THAT'S A LAUGH!


WELL, WHAT IS THIS IDEA OF YOURS?
I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO BECOME AN APPRENTICE--YOUR APPRENTICE, FOR EXAMPLE. BEING A SILVERSMITH APPEALS TO ME LESS THAN BEING A LOCKSMITH OR A BASKETMAKER, BUT MORE THAN BEING A BLACKSMITH OR A BRICKLAYER...

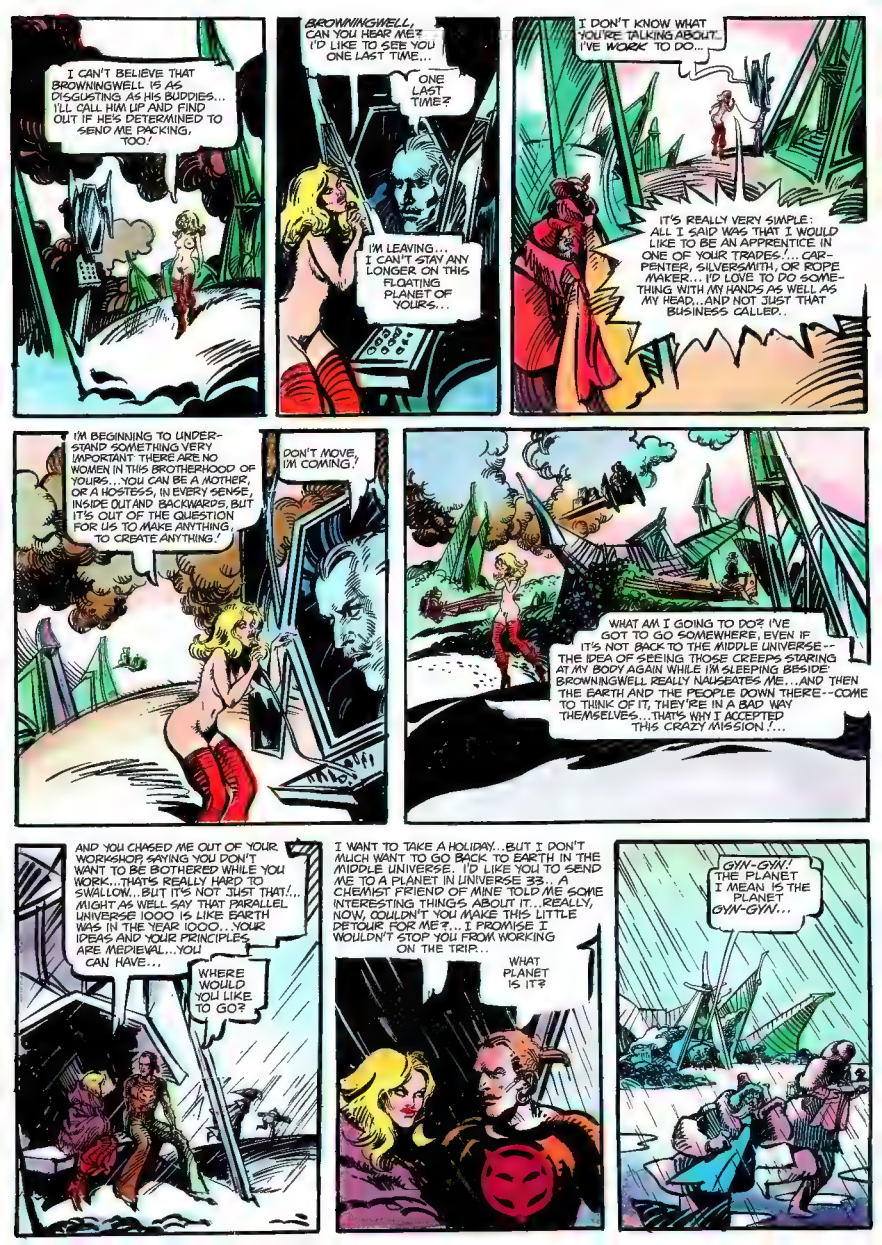
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...YOU WANT TO BECOME AN APPRENTICE SILVERSMITH?... WHATEVER FOR?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHATEVER FOR? TO BECOME A COMRADE, OBVIOUSLY...I MEAN A COMRADESS?...IN OTHER WORDS, SO I CAN MAKE MY MASTERPIECE, TOO!... IS THAT SUCH AN INCREDIBLE IDEA?

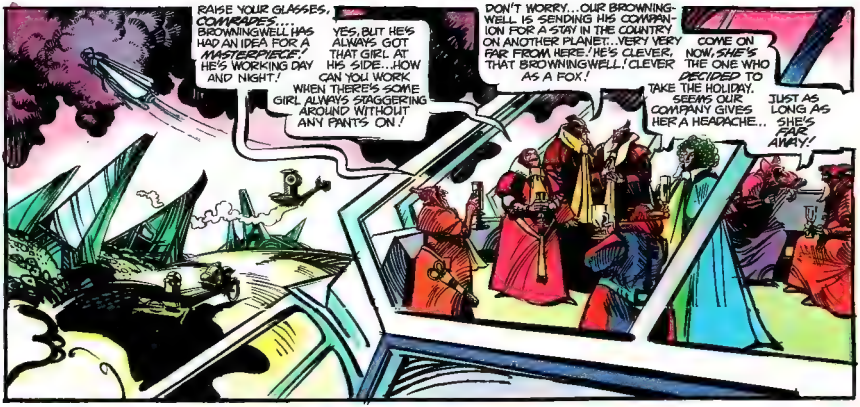

WELL, THAT'S THE BEST ONE YET!...
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!... I HAVE TO PUT SOMETHING ON...I CAN'T WANDER AROUND STARK NAKED ALL THE TIME... I'LL CATCH COLD!

LISTEN TO ME, COMRADES...THAT GIRL... YOU KNOW, THE ONE WHO CAME FROM THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE...
THAT GIRL OF BRONNING-WELL'S?
ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT BARBARELLA?
OBVIOUSLY... YES, WHAT ABOUT HER?

SHE WANTS TO BECOME A "COMRADE" AND MAKE A MASTERPIECE!
A FEMALE COMRADE?
WELL, I TOLD YOU SO:
THAT GIRL HAS A VERY ODD MANNER...

IF IT WEREN'T SO FUNNY, IT WOULD BE PATHETIC!
STUPID BASTARD!


I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT BROWNINGWELL IS AS DISGUSTING AS HIS BUDDIES... I'LL CALL HIM UP AND FIND OUT IF HE'S DETERMINED TO SEND ME PACKING, TOO!
BROWNINGWELL, CAN YOU HEAR ME? I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU ONE LAST TIME...
ONE LAST TIME?
I'M LEAVING... I CAN'T STAY ANY LONGER ON THIS FLOATING PLANET OF YOURS...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT... I'VE WORK TO DO...
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE: ALL I SAID WAS THAT I WOULD LIKE TO BE AN APPRENTICE IN ONE OF YOUR TRADES... CARPENTER, SILVERSMITH, OR ROPE MAKER... I'D LOVE TO DO SOMETHING WITH MY HANDS AS WELL AS MY HEAD...AND NOT JUST THAT BUSINESS CALLED..
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT. THERE ARE NO WOMEN IN THIS BROTHERHOOD OF YOURS...YOU CAN BE A MOTHER, OR A HOSTESS, IN EVERY SENSE, INSIDE OUT AND BACKWARDS, BUT IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION FOR US TO MAKE ANYTHING, TO CREATE ANYTHING!
DON'T MOVE, I'M COMING!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I'VE GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE, EVEN IF IT'S NOT BACK TO THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE-- THE IDEA OF SEEING THOSE CREEPS STARING AT MY BODY AGAIN WHILE I'M SLEEPING BESIDE BROWNINGWELL REALLY NAUSEATES ME...AND THEN THE EARTH AND THE PEOPLE DOWN THERE--COME TO THINK OF IT, THEY'RE IN A BAD WAY THEMSELVES...THAT'S WHY I ACCEPTED THIS CRAZY MISSION!...
AND YOU CHASED ME OUT OF YOUR WORKSHOP, SAYING YOU DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED WHILE YOU WORK...THAT'S REALLY HARD TO SWALLOW... BUT IT'S NOT JUST THAT!... MIGHT AS WELL SAY THAT PARALLEL UNIVERSE 1000 IS LIKE EARTH WAS IN THE YEAR 1000...YOUR IDEAS AND YOUR PRINCIPLES ARE MEDIEVAL...YOU CAN HAVE...
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?
I WANT TO TAKE A HOLIDAY...BUT I DON'T MUCH WANT TO GO BACK TO EARTH IN THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE. I'D LIKE YOU TO SEND ME TO A PLANET IN UNIVERSE 33...A CHEMIST FRIEND OF MINE TOLD ME SOME INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT IT...REALLY, NOW, COULDN'T YOU MAKE THIS LITTLE DETOUR FOR ME?... I PROMISE I WOULDN'T STOP YOU FROM WORKING ON THE TRIP..
WHAT PLANET IS IT?
GYN-GYN! THE PLANET I MEAN IS THE PLANET GYN-GYN...

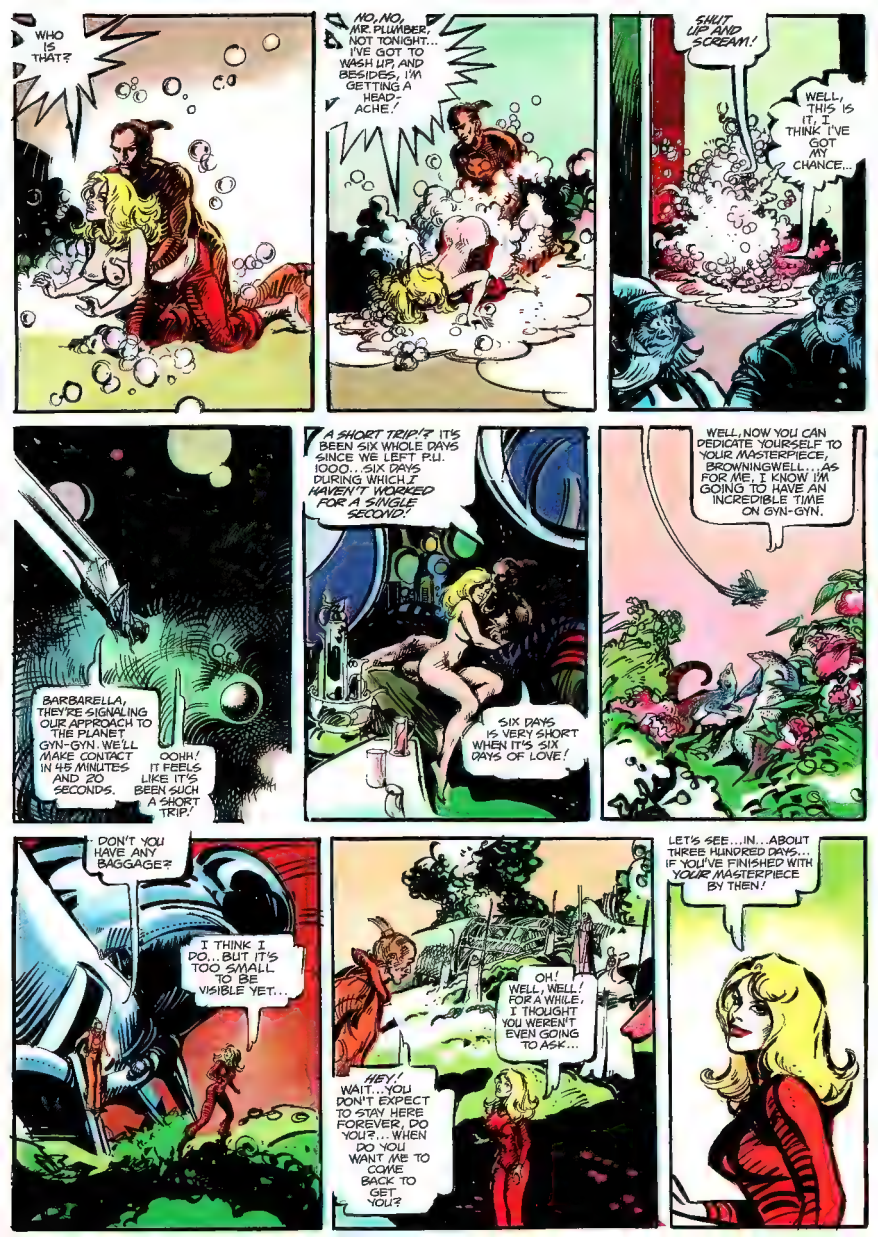

RAISE YOUR GLASSES, COMRADES... BROWNINGWELL HAS HAD AN IDEA FOR A MASTERPIECE! HE'S WORKING DAY AND NIGHT!
YES, BUT HE'S ALWAYS GOT THAT GIRL AT HIS SIDE...HOW CAN YOU WORK WHEN THERE'S SOME GIRL ALWAYS STAGGERING AROUND WITHOUT ANY PANTS ON!
DON'T WORRY...OUR BROWNINGWELL IS SENDING HIS COMPANION FOR A STAY IN THE COUNTRY ON ANOTHER PLANET...VERY VERY FAR FROM HERE! HE'S CLEVER, THAT BROWNINGWELL! CLEVER AS A FOX!
COME ON NOW, SHE'S THE ONE WHO DECIDED TO TAKE THE HOLIDAY. SEEMS OUR COMPANY GIVES HER A HEADACHE...
JUST AS LONG AS SHE'S FAR AWAY!

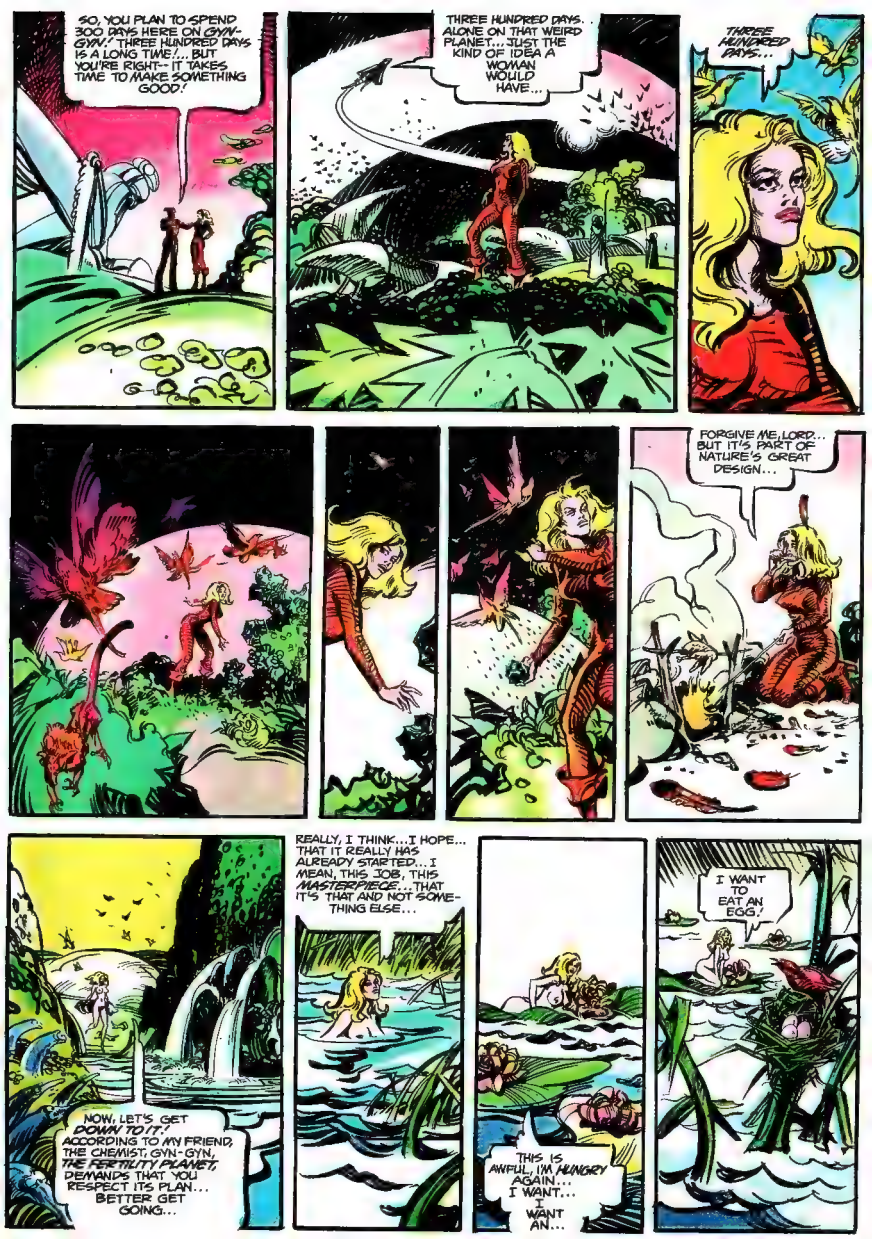
HEADING FOR GYN-GYN

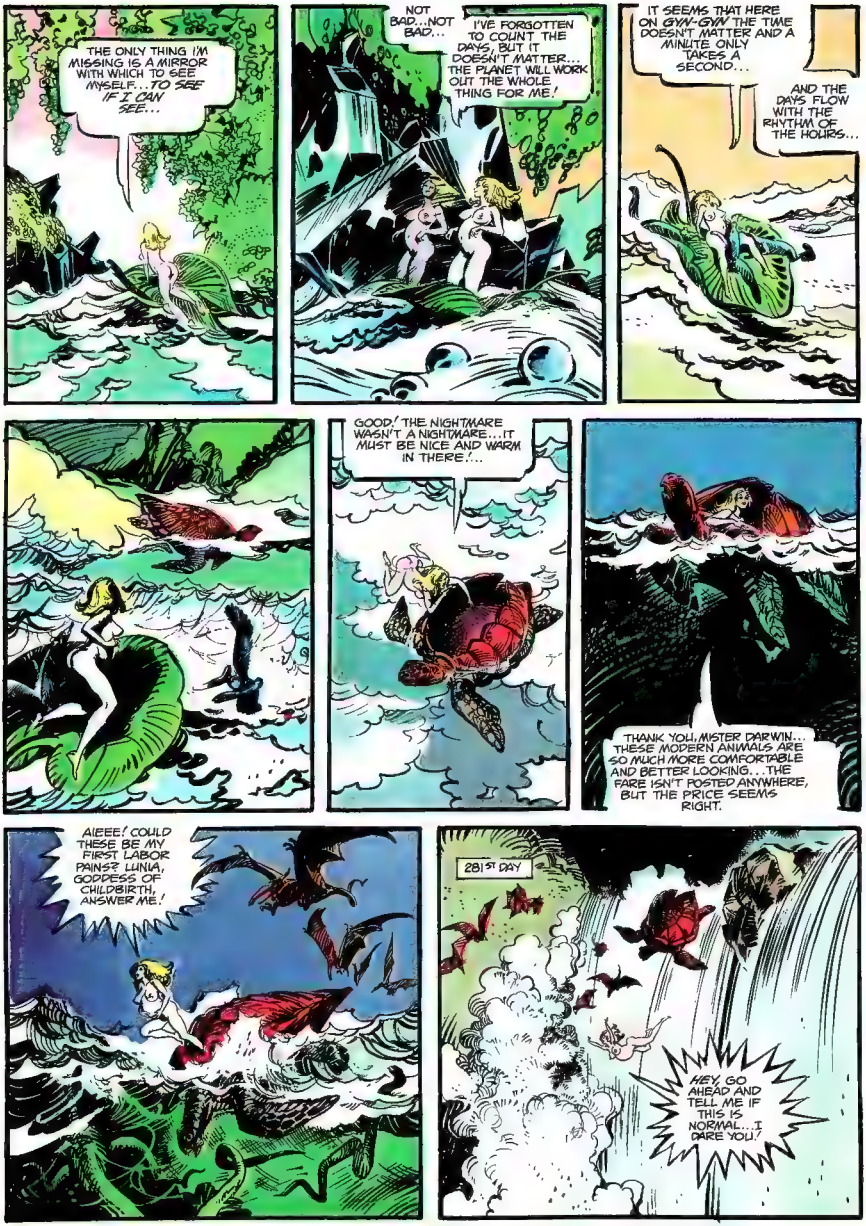
WHAT IS THAT YOU'RE DOING?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME...YOU HAVE YOUR WORK TO DO, AND NOTHING SHOULD DISTRACT YOU...WHEN I THINK OF THE OLD DAYS... OF THE TIME THAT I MADE YOU WASTE... IT'S JUST AWFUL!

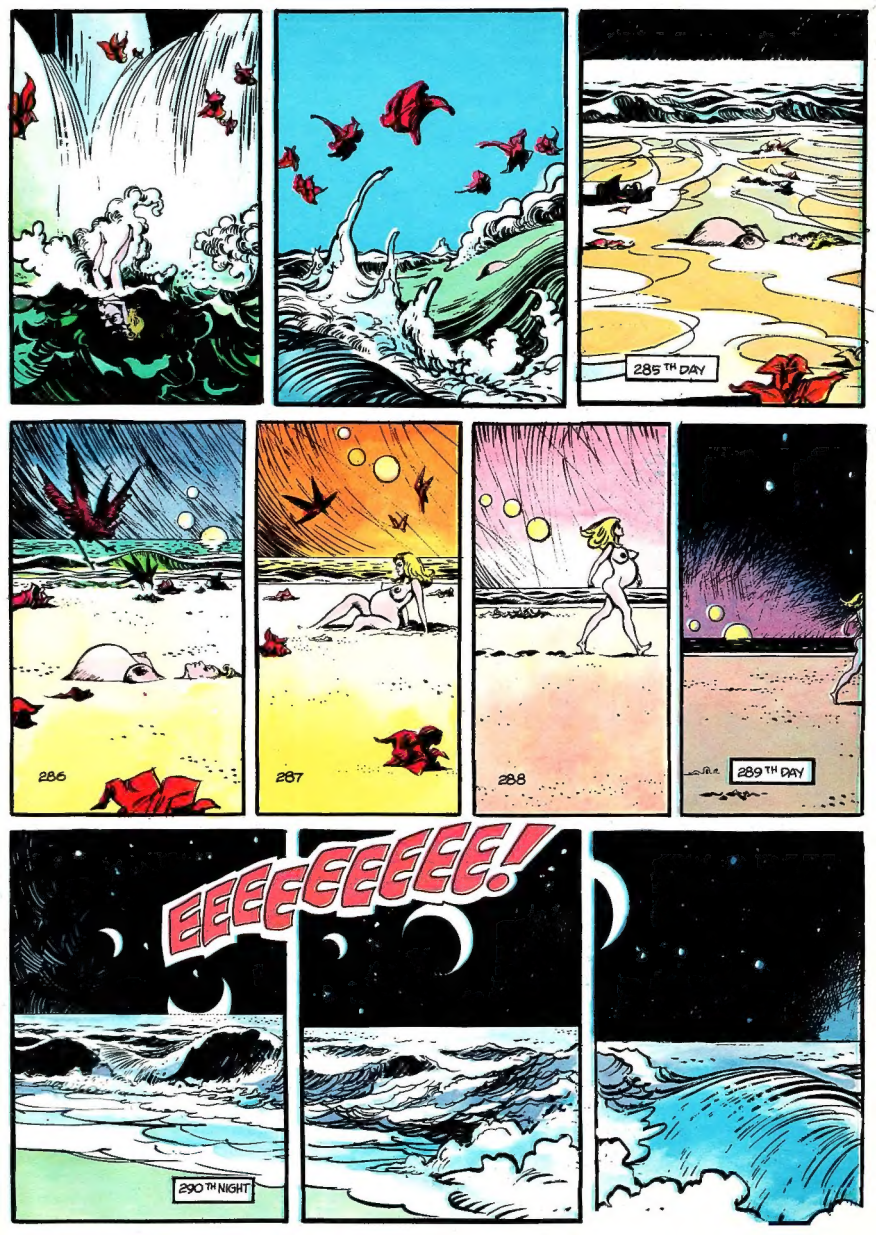
SHE CAN BE SO PRO-VOKING!

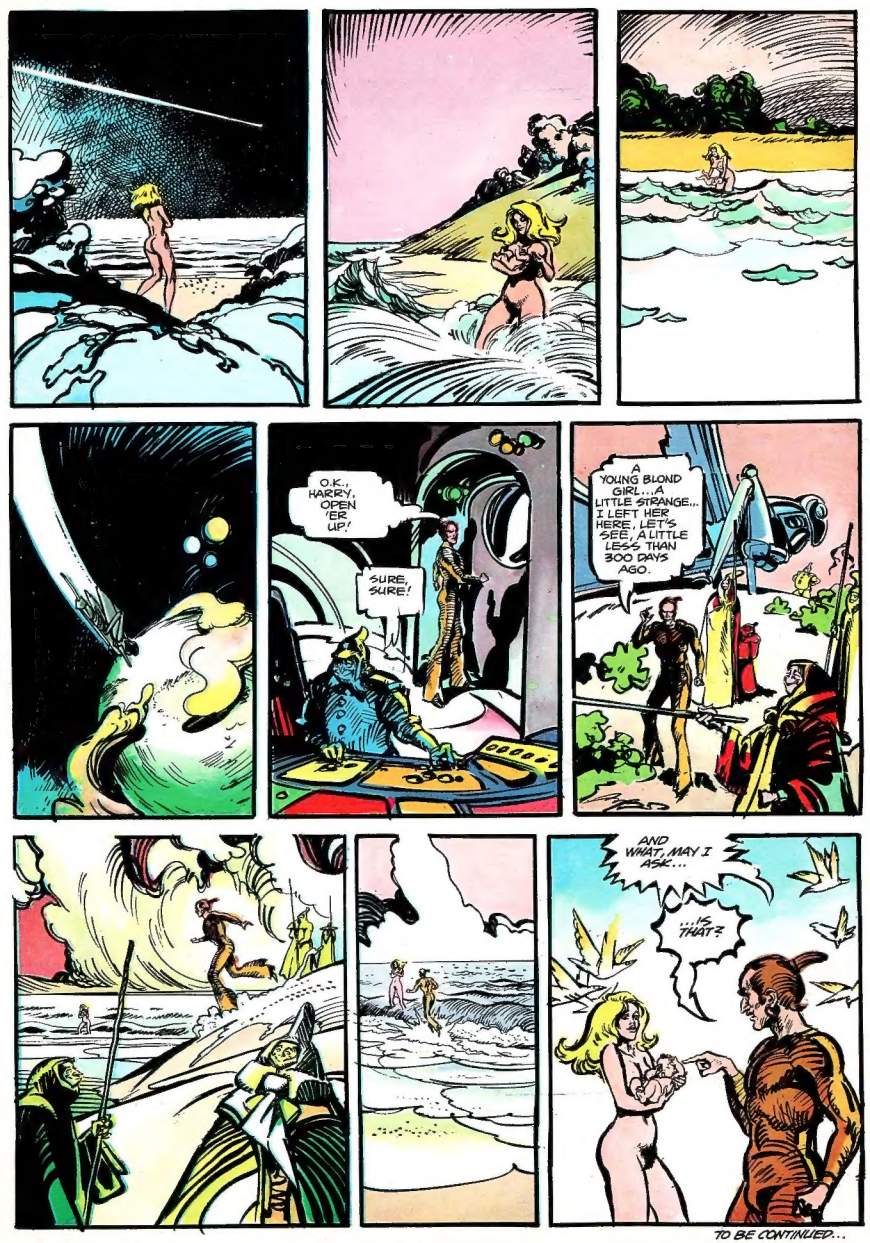
GOOD!...SHE'S SO WORKED UP, SHE HAS TO TAKE HER JACKET OFF! GOOD LORD, WHAT'S SHE UP TO NOW?


WHO IS THAT?
NO, NO, MR. PLUMBER, NOT TONIGHT... I'VE GOT TO WASH UP, AND BESIDES, I'M GETTING A HEAD-ACHE.
SHUT UP AND SCREAM!
WELL, THIS IS IT, I THINK I'VE GOT MY CHANCE...
BARBARELLA, THEY'RE SIGNALING OUR APPROACH TO THE PLANET GYN-GYN. WE'LL MAKE CONTACT IN 48 MINUTES AND 20 SECONDS.
OOHH! IT FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN SUCH A SHORT TRIP!
A SHORT TRIP!? IT'S BEEN SIX WHOLE DAYS SINCE WE LEFT P.U. 1000... SIX DAYS DURING WHICH I HAVEN'T WORKED FOR A SINGLE SECOND!
SIX DAYS IS VERY SHORT WHEN IT'S SIX DAYS OF LOVE!
WELL, NOW YOU CAN DEDICATE YOURSELF TO YOUR MASTERPIECE, BROWNINGWELL... AS FOR ME, I KNOW I'M GOING TO HAVE AN INCREDIBLE TIME ON GYN-GYN.
DON'T YOU HAVE ANY BAGGAGE?
I THINK I DO... BUT IT'S TOO SMALL TO BE VISIBLE YET...
OH! WELL, WELL! FOR A WHILE, I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T EVEN GOING TO ASK...
HEY! WAIT.. YOU DON'T EXPECT TO STAY HERE FOREVER, DO YOU?... WHEN DO YOU WANT ME TO COME BACK TO GET YOU?
LET'S SEE... IN... ABOUT THREE HUNDRED DAYS... IF YOU'VE FINISHED WITH YOUR MASTERPIECE BY THEN!


SO, YOU PLAN TO SPEND 300 DAYS HERE ON GYN-GYN? THREE HUNDRED DAYS IS A LONG TIME!... BUT YOU'RE RIGHT-- IT TAKES TIME TO MAKE SOMETHING GOOD!
THREE HUNDRED DAYS. . ALONE ON THAT WEIRD PLANET... JUST THE KIND OF IDEA A WOMAN WOULD HAVE...
THREE HUNDRED DAYS...
FORGIVE ME, LORD... BUT IT'S PART OF NATURE'S GREAT DESIGN...
NOW, LET'S GET DOWN TO IT! ACCORDING TO MY FRIEND, THE CHEMIST, GYN-GYN, THE FERTILITY PLANET, DEMANDS THAT YOU RESPECT ITS PLAN... BETTER GET GOING...
REALLY, I THINK... I HOPE... THAT IT REALLY HAS ALREADY STARTED... I MEAN, THIS JOB, THIS MASTERPIECE... THAT IT'S THAT AND NOT SOMETHING ELSE...
THIS IS AWFUL, I'M HUNGRY AGAIN... I WANT... I WANT AN...
I WANT TO EAT AN EGG!


THE ONLY THING I'M MISSING IS A MIRROR WITH WHICH TO SEE MYSELF...TO SEE IF I CAN SEE...
NOT BAD...NOT BAD...
I'VE FORGOTTEN TO COUNT THE DAYS, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER... THE PLANET WILL WORK OUT THE WHOLE THING FOR ME!
IT SEEMS THAT HERE ON GWA-GWA THE TIME DOESN'T MATTER AND A MINUTE ONLY TAKES A SECOND...
AND THE DAYS FLOW WITH THE RHYTHM OF THE HOURS...
GOOD! THE NIGHTMARE WASN'T A NIGHTMARE...IT MUST BE NICE AND WARM IN THERE!...
THANK YOU, MISTER DARWIN... THESE MODERN ANIMALS ARE SO MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE AND BETTER LOOKING...THE FARE ISN'T POSTED ANYWHERE, BUT THE PRICE SEEMS RIGHT.
AIEEE! COULD THESE BE MY FIRST LABOR PAINS? LUNIA, GODDESS OF CHILDBIRTH, ANSWER ME!
281ST DAY
HEY, GO AHEAD AND TELL ME IF THIS IS NORMAL.. I DARE YOU!


285TH DAY
286
287
288
289TH DAY
EEEEEEEEE!
290TH NIGHT


O.K., HARRY, OPEN 'ER UP!
SURE, SURE!
A YOUNG BLOND GIRL...A LITTLE STRANGE... I LEFT HER HERE, LET'S SEE, A LITTLE LESS THAN 300 DAYS AGO.
AND WHAT, MAY I ASK...
...IS THAT?

TO BE CONTINUED...

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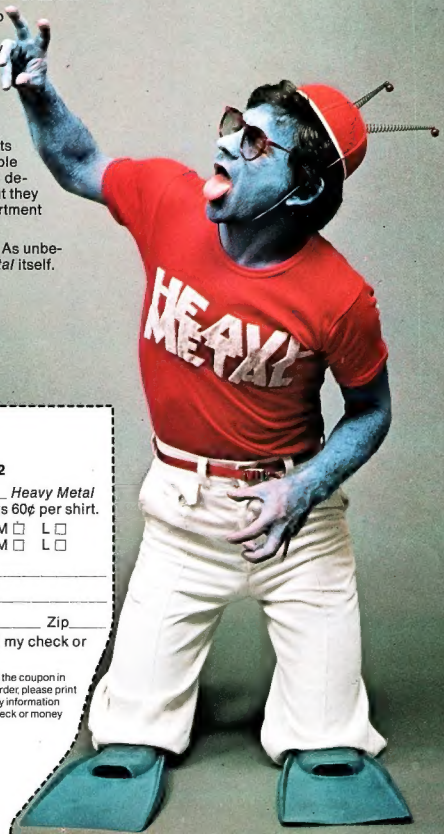

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New York, N.Y. 10022

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